THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. L> Historical Society — J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. $1.50 per year in advance

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13th, 1927.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Persons having claims against the estate of John Albert Davis, late of the Township of Richmond in the County of Lennox and Addington, farmer, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for said estate, before the 23rd day of December, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto, pursuant to the provisions of section 56 of Chapter 121 R.S.O., 1914.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GRANGE,
Solicitors for said Estate.
52-d

Poultry Wanted.

Highest cash prices paid for live poultry. Try us for satisfaction.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.

THREE HOUSES TO RENT—Apply at KIMMERLY'S GROCERY. 50

WANTED—A Stenographer. Apply to T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont.

STORE TO RENT—In Oddfellows' block (formerly Harshaw block) newly decorated, new front. Possession January 1st, 1928. Apply E. J. POLLARD.

LOST—At Grace Church bazaar or between the church and the Public Library, a small bill fold, containing some bills. Will finder return same to this office and receive reward. 3

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Upright Heintzman Piano, Mahogany case, in first class condition. Apply to Mrs. F. P. Douglas, 130 Union street Kingston or Mrs. W. J. Doller, Napanee. 51-b

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

FOR SALE—Seven roomed house, all convenences, square place, hardwood floors downstairs, good basement and furnace, good barn, large lot, well treed, good locality. A comfortable home and a good buy. Apply WM. DAVIS, Graham street. 42-tf

FOR SALE—For the baby, a Walker perfection swing for indoor or verandah, also a high chair. These have been used but are in good condition. Apply at residence of DR. McLAUGHLIN, corner John and Thomas, opposite Dr. Cowan's. 3-ap

Marriages That Fail.

One marriage out of every hundred in England ends in divorce. That is a fact disclosed by the latest figures of the Registrar-General. Divorce in England is becoming more and more common. Before the war the number of persons divorced was just over 1,000 a year; since the war that figure has grown five-fold. Three of every five divorced persons re-marry. The majority of these are men, of whom 70 per cent. marry spinsters, over 13 per cent. marry widows, and nearly 8 per cent. marry divorced women. Seventy per cent. of the divorced women who re-marry marry bachelors as their second husbands, while only 20 per cent. marry widowers. Two out of every three divorced men marry again, but only one-half of the divorced women re-marry.

Mineral Area Discovered.

A new mineral area, thought to be rich in lead, zinc, silver and gold is reported discovered in Northern Manitoba, north of Mile 200 on the Hudson Bay Railway and farther east than any outstanding mineral property discovered in Northern Manitoba.

Earth's Coldest Spot.

The earth's coldest spot is Verkhoyansk, Siberia, just within the Arctic Circle, which experienced 90.4 degrees below zero in January, 1885.

Speed of Moon.

The moon's speed in its orbit is 2,288 miles an hour.

Surprising.

You will be surprised if you have not already visited us to see our display of suitable presents for Xmas. Carvers, table, butcher and pocket knives.

2-b BOYLE & SON.

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A SAFETY Deposit Box in your nearest branch of the Standard Bank is the logical place to keep your valuables for security and convenience. We shall be pleased to furnish you with space necessary for your requirements at minimum rates.

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CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

The school children of Canada are preparing to herald the birthday of the Christ Child. In the little fishing and lumbering villages on the Pacific coast, amongst the great mountains, where the mining towns are, on the prairies where the schools are kept open in the winter, in Northern Ontario and at home, in the older communities of Quebes and farther east in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and in "The Island," as all true natives of Prince Edward Island call the lovely land of their birth, the teachers and scholars of the schools of the Dominion are, in several languages, preparing to announce the glad tidings brought to the world so long ago by the angels who sang their Christmas song above the little Judean village of Bethlehem. The programme will be got up by the boys and girls for the school closing, which will in many cases include a Christmas tree. Even if the recitations are not as perfect as the teacher, who has taken such pains to get the best results would have them, they will be enjoyed by the audience of parents and friends as much as the music that will come over the radio from the best artists. Is the school Christmas tree the event in the community that it used to be ? Do you remember how the family used to be packed into the big sleigh and what a delight it was to drive through the woods where the trees were softly powdered with the first snow. If you watched you might see another flash of white as a rabbit leaped through the underbrush and you caught a glimpse of his tail. Perhaps you will go in a motor car this year to the school closing and it will be your boy or girl who will be getting nervous when the time comes for the programme to begin. But go prepared to enjoy the fun. One of the secrets of happiness is to adjust yourself to circumstances. The Christmas tree cannot give you the same thrill that it did twenty years ago, but it can give you a deeper enjoyment if you enter into the spirit of it with your children.

The Navy League of Canada is a society to which many of the Women's Institutes and other women's societies contribute. In Canada there are about 25,000 members, 14,000 of whom are in Ontario. Just now bags are being filled by the Daughtes of the Empire and the members of the League, which will be sent to the ports to welcome the sailors who may be on shore for Christmas. We have seen these bags being packed and have thought what an acceptable gift they would make. And with each bag there is a good wish and a personal note, which conveys to the recipient the greetings of the Navy League.

Last week we spoke about mother's gift. Now, what about father's ? He will like a present too. If he likes books, you have a large choice ; perhaps he would like a subscripton to a magazine. If so, make it a Canadian magazine. We have some good ones that would be better still, if their circulation was large enough to warrant the editors paying as much for articles as the American magazines do. If you get tobacco in any form for "Dad" get the kind he likes. The shops will give you plenty of articles to choose from—and one word of warning, don't let the annual joke about Father getting the bill for his Christmas present as a New Year's gift apply to you.

The women who have gone back to their homes inspired by the annual convention of the Women's Institutes of Eastern Canada held at Ottawa, will see to it that the ideas enunciated there are kept before the branches. From Mr. G. A. Putnam came the excellent advice to get every one in the community working. He also said that sometimes taking on a financial obligation prevented the furthering of the educational work that is being done by what is now being called the great rural university for 40,000 women of Ontario. Mrs C. Field Robertson, Lanark, the retiring provincial president and now honorary vice-president, said, "The destiny of a nation is decided by the character of its people," quoting a well-known phrase. She urged, in an eloquent address, the care of the Canadian mother and child as the work of the Institutes. The government spent millions on bringing 37,000 British immigrans into Canada last year and during the same period of time we lost 38,062 Canadian born children. "We sing, O Canada, we stand on guard for Thee, who not stand on guard more closely for the mothers and children in the rural districts." said Mrs. Robertson.

A live department of a live society is the Strangers Department of the Women's Missionary Society of the United Church. Not content with inspiring the women of the church at home, with missionary zeal, and thus sending the Gospel into the lonely places of Canada and to the countries beyond the seas the W.M.S., through the Strangers Department, meets the incoming immigrants at the ports, gives them a welcome and sends them on their way to their new home in Canada feeling that they already have friends here. The visiting of the sick and "shut ins," especially at Christmastide, is part of the work undertaken by the Strangers Department.

It is not too late to make mincemeat and this recipe is a good one : 2 lbs. of apples, 1 quart of cider, 2 lbs. of raisins, seeded, 2 lbs. of sultana raisins, 1 lb. of currants, ½ lb. of citron peel, ¼ orange and ½ a lb. of lemon peel, ¼ lb. walnut meats, ¼ almonds, 2 lemons, juice and rind and 2 lbs. of suet. For those who like it ¾ cup of brandy may be added to the mixture. Let stand in a stone jar in a cool place until Christmas.

PUPIL NURSES WANTED

BUFFALO CITY HOSPITAL
462 Grider St., Buffalo, N.Y.

863 beds for the reception of every known disease.

SIX DISPENSARIES IN CONNECTION

Affiliated with the University of Buffalo Medical and Dental Schools and District Nursing Associatin.

3 year registered course, fitting patients for Bedside, Public Health and Administrative Nursing.

670 hours devoted to classes, recitations ,demonstrations and laboratory work in Dietetics, Home Economics, Bacteriology, Chemistry, Physiology and General Nursing subjects.

Opportunities for selected graduates to fill paid executive positions or pursue special study courses.

THE EXPERIENCE WE OFFER EQUALS A THREE YEAR COLLEGE COURSE.

Entrance requirements : 1 year New York State High School or its equivalent.

Salary, $15.00 a month, Food, lodging, uniforms, laundry and books furnished free.

Straight eight hour duty. No split watches. One whole day off every seven days.

A well-conducted nursing course is a fine preparation for wifehood and a splendid opportunity to cultivate the habit of right living.

JANUARY CLASS NOW FORMING.

LOOK—EXTRA SPECIAL

CARL AND JOY

The World's Greatest Scientific Palmist and Psychologist

is now in consultation at the

HOTEL PAISLEY, NAPANEE

Room 1 and 2

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER.

For you who think life is not worth living, I invite you to see CARL to-day, and get acquainted with the secret which I think will bring sunshine and health to young and old.

If in difficulty, in love or business, see CARL today, as your fate is in your hand.

If your health is failing, there is a reason. See CARL today for sunshine.

If you have lost any articles, or friends, CARL will tell you where to find them.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW

Are you putting your right foot forward ?

Is there sunshine in your life? If not, why not ?

Is life's road dark and cloudy ? If dark, there is a reason. See CARL today for sunshine, as life is short,—just a few laughs, lots of heartaches, and plenty of tears.

Even the weakest among us have power.

If you cannot have what you like,—try and like what you have.

When in the darkest moment of despair, it's often the time that help is nearest.

Don't wait for opportunity,—make it.

Character is the poor man's Capital.

Always laugh when you can,—it is cheap medicine.

Control your temper, or it will control you.

Go as you please, but please as you go.

In the Race of Life, Common Sense has the Right of Way.

A woman with charming manners can move mountains.

A great deal of talent is lost to the world for lack of courage.

Remember ! A little clod of mud can crush a butterfly. Why be crushed, girls. See CARL.

All Ladies, 50 Cents

CARL—THE MAN WHO CAN SEE TO-MORROW

Hours—10 to 10

COMING :-: EVENTS

SWASTIKA CLUB Special Dance, Masonic Hall, Friday, Dec. 30th. Remember the date.

PIE SOCIAL—The Ladies' Aid of Grace United Church are holding a Pie Social on Thursday evening, December 15th, at 8 p.m. This is your invitation to attend. Tickets 25c. 2-a

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC FOR the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

THE GUILD OF ST. JOHN'S Church, Selby, will have a sale of fancy and useful articles and serve tea at the Vicarage, Napanee, on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, from 2 to 6 p.m. 3-ap

Cello-Glass.

For your poultry houses. Sold at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

OBITUARY

MRS. R. KIRKPATRICK.

On December 7th, 1927, there was laid to rest in the Tamworth Cemetery, the remains of the late Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick, relict of the late Robert Kirkpatrick, who predeceased her a number of years ago. She had been in poor health for some time, but the end came very unexpectedly, due to heart trouble. She spent all of her married life a few miles north of Tamworth, where she made a host of friends, who were more than shocked to hear of her sudden death. She leaves to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother, five sons and four daughters : Tom, on the old homestead ; Wm. at Napanee ; Alex, Syracuse, N.Y. ; Jim and Herbert, Port Colborne ; Mrs. Fred York, Napanee ; Mrs. H. Cowdy, Toronto ; Mrs. R. Youngs and Mrs. C. Cowdy, Port Colborne. Also fifteen grand children and five great grand children, and one sister, Mrs. Newton Bicknel, Arthur, Ont. The funeral service was held at Tamworth United Chuch on Friday at two o'clock.

MRS. JOSEPH L. WAGAR.

In loving memory of Charlotte Ann, beloved wife of Joseph L. Wagar, who, after a short illness passed peacefully away to her reward in the Great Beyond, at the old homestead, one mile southwest of Enterprise, on Monday, Nov. 14th, 1927, in her eighty-first year She was a daughter of the late Thomas C. Wagar and Maria Dopking, and one of a family of seven daughters and four sons. The deceased was of U.E.L. descent, her grandfather, William Wagar, having come over in company with other loyalists to settle at Hay Bay, near Sillsville. The deceased leaves to mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother, her husband, Joseph L. Wagar, to whom she was married on March 15, 1870, one son, Thompson Wagar, and one daugher, Mrs. Alfred Jackson, all of Enterprise, Ont. One daughter, Amelia, predeceased her some years ago. Two sisters of the deceased are still living at Enterprise, in the persons of Mrs. Alvin Jackson and Mrs. William Jackson. Despite most disagreeable weather conditions, the funeral, which was conducted by Rev. H. A. Bunt, B.A., in the United Church, Enterprise, was largely attended, showing the high esteem in which the deceased was held by the community. Interment took place on Wednesday, Nov. 16th, in the United Church cemetery, Centreville.

MRS. IRA PRINGLE.

Mrs. Ira Pringle, in her eighty-ninth year, passed away last Friday, December 2nd, 1927, at the home of her eldest son, Frederick W. Pringle, 410 North Elmwood Avenue, Oak Park, Ill., with whom she had made her home for several years. She suffered a cerebral hemhorrhage on June 9th last, and succumbed to a repeated attack on November 30th, followed by pneumonia.

She is survived by her children, Frederick W., of Oak Park, Ill. ; William B., Napanee, Ont. ; Mrs. F. A. Thompson, Vancouver, B.C. ; and Herbert S., Corporation Counsel of Victoria, B.C., and by twelve grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Three of the grandchildren, Everett H., Alden F., and Henry L. Pringle, and four great- grandchildren reside in Oak Park ; one grandson in San Francisco, and eight grandchildren and one great-grandson in Canada.

Mrs. Pringle and her husband celebrated their golden wedding anniversary in 1913, at the home of their daughter in Vancouver.

A short prayer service by Rev. Dr. Allen, of Pilgrim Congregational Church, attended only by the relatives, was held at her son's residence here, at eight o'clock Saturday morning, just before the departure for the Pacific Coast.

Mrs Pringle was buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Vancouver, where funeral services were held on Wednesday of last week. For over seventy years she was a member of the Methodist Church of Canada.

She greatly enjoyed the last few winters of her long and useful life at the winter home of her son at Leesburg, Florida, and is now at rest by the side of her husband, who died in 1918, in his ninety-second year—Copied from Oak Park, Ill., paper, U.S.A.

Mrs. Pringle is survived by her brother, Robert N. Lapum, of Wilton. Her grandchildren residing here are Mrs. Harry L. VanLuven, Napanee ; Harold W. and Harry L. Pringle, children of William B. Pringle, Palace Road.

Stoves.

See our splendid line of Quebec cooking stoves and circulating heaters.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

MOSCOW.

The Women's Institute meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Pierson, as well as a bazaar, which was a great success.

The stork visited the neighborhood recently and left a fine big boy at Amos Leveque's.

A number of young people went to Newburgh on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Stewart Bell is around again after his illness.

Mr. Edgerton Vanluven has been ill at his brother's for a couple of weeks.

The Moscow Dairy Company is putting in a new boiler in the cheese factory.

Misses Nichol and Card spent last Saturday in Kingston.

TRAIN WRECK INQUEST OPENS AT ENTERPRISE

Enterprise, Dec. 12.—Investigation into the wreck of "Canadian" crack flier of the C.P.R., with a loss of seven lives, was commenced here today. The accident occurred on Sunday, Nov. 27th, at Dockrill siding, a few miles north of Enterprise, when the Montreal-to-Toronto express, travelling 60 miles an hour, and making up time, crashed into a freight train which had overrun the siding at Dockrill.

The passenger train had been 15 minutes late at Smith's Falls, 56 miles to the east. The crew of the eastbound freight, counting on the flier being a few minutes late at Dockrill, decided they could make the siding at that place. Consequently, instead of backing on to the siding at Lens, four miles west of the scene of the accident, they proceeded to the next station east.

PASSED SIDING ENTRANCE.

They might have cleared the mainline in plenty of time for the safe passing of the flier had not the heavily laden freight cars pushed the locomotive over the western entrance to the siding. The freight had attained a speed of 30 miles an hour after crossing the knoll just west of Dockrill.

With 2,000 tons of freight behind him, the hard pressed engineer of the freight was unable to back up. He decided to break the train and run with some five cars to the east end of the siding, back up the siding and pull the balance of his train clear ere the oncoming express could reach the danger zone. Before he could put his plan into execution the fast-travelling passenger train emerged from the rock cuts to the eastward and crashed into him head-on.

INJURED MEN ABSENT

All this came out in the evidence at Enterprise today. Important witnesses were missing. Engineer J. L. Bradford of the freight train is still in hospital with serious injuries. Engineer Burnett of the passenger train was killed instantly and his fireman, R. Post, suffered grevious hurts and was unable to appear.

There were, however, a score of witnesses, including residents of the district who were eyewitnesses, and C.P.R. officials from Toronto and Smith's Falls and the train crews.

COMPETENT ENGINEERS

It was frankly admitted by important officials of the company that Burnett and Bradford, the two engineers, were both competent men with excellent records. Bradford had been in charge of a locomotive since 1910 save for several years in the war, when he won his commission on the battlefield Some members of the crew of the freight train were inclined to suggest that Bradford, the engineer of the freight, had been remiss in his duty in not sending out a man to warn the oncoming express that the line was not clear. They said no flagman had been told to flag the passenger train and they thought Bradford could have carried a brakeman 200 or 300 yards eastward, dropped him there and then returned with his engine to the siding at Dockrill.

In behalf of Bradford it was established by his counsel, Arthur W. Roebuck, of Toronto, that the freight train was overloaded and that he could have backed into the siding in ample time but for this fact.

HALL CROWDED.

Long before the inquest commenced the Community Hall was crowded to capacity. Farmers had driven in from the surrounding countryside. It was more like a motion-picture audience than inquest into a tragic accident. After four hours of evidence the matinee performance adjourned at 6 o'clock for dinner. The crowd was back for more at 7.30 o'clock, and included several women with infants in arms. Some of these were requested to leave when the wailing of the babes interfered too much with the serious business of taking evidence. The night sitting adjourned just before 10 o'clock.

Lanterns were lit as the crowd emerged from the hall and the main street of Enterprise was like Dundas street on Saturday night.

Perhaps a hundred automobiles were parked about the streets in the vicinity of the hall.

RESUME JAN. 9.

The inquest was adjourned until Monday, Jan. 9th, at 1 p.m., when it is expected Bradford and Post will be able to attend and give evidence.

The presiding officer is Dr. G. H. Cowan, Coroner, of Napanee, and the Crown Attorney is U. M. Wilson of the same place.

H. C. Grout, General Superintendent of the Ontario District of the C.P.R., was the principal official of the company present. In reply to Mr. Roebuck, he stated that all trains were controlled by time-table and train orders, and when asked if this was the usual manner of handling trains said it was "the best railway practice known." He also was asked what he thought of the wooden colonist coaches as compared with steel, and whether steel colonist coaches would have stood the impact with less loss of life. His reply was that reports of steel coach-wrecks had shown that these coaches had on occasion telescoped each other, with terrible results.

A small Ad. in the "Want" column in the Napanee Express will bring results.

MARK P. GRAHAM

Who has been appointed Police Magistrate in and for the County of Lennox and Addington.

Last week Mr. Graham received notice of his appointment as County Magistrate to occupy the position formerly occupied by the late G. F. Ruttan, K.C. The appointment of Mr. Graham gives general satisfaction to citizens in all parts of the County. Mr. Graham has been a well-known citizen of Napanee all his life and for a number of years prominent in town affairs. He has been a member of the town council, Reeve and Mayor, and at the present time is town treasurer. His many friends are offering their congratulations on his appointment to the new position, which he will no doubt fill with satisfaction to the public and honor to himself.

STELLA.

Death came with startling suddenness to a prominent resident of Amherst Island, on Sunday evening, December 4th, in the person of Cecil E. Gibson, aged forty-four years. The late Mr. Gibson was well known and respected throughout the township, and his sudden passing has cast a gloom over the home and neighborhood. He had been in Kingston on Saturday and was in the best of health up until about 4 o'clock on Sunday afternoon, when he complained of being unwell. It was not thought serious until about 6 p.m., when the doctor was summoned, but on arrival life was extinct.

Deceased formerly resided in Cleveland, Ohio, and later in Kingston, where he was in the employ of the Canadian Locomotive and Engine Company. It was while in that city that he was married to Miss Gertrude E. Reid, eldest daughter of the late Alexander Reid and Mrs. Reid, now of Emerald. With his wife he moved to Smith's Falls, from Kingston, where he was employed by the C.P.R. and the Frost & Wood Company. About ten years ago they removed to the Island, where he followed the occupation of farming. Two years ago, deceased received the appointment of township assessor, a position which he occupied very creditably. He was an Anglican in religion, a member of St. Alban's Church. Surviving are his wife and little daughter, Juanita, his mother and two brothers, Charles and Royal, all of Amherst Island.

The largely attended funeral was held on Tuesday, December 6th, at 1.30 p.m., from his late home to St. Alban's Church, where the service was conducted by the rector, Rev. Thomas Leech Interment took place to Glenwood cemetery.

Quite a number of Islanders took in the trip of the steamer Brockville to the city on Saturday, there terminating the above steamer's season service on the bay route. The residents will now be practically isolated until such time as the bay freezes over.

S. L. Pringle has returned home after being confined to the Kingston General Hospital for a few days.

Morrison Scott, who went west on the harvesters 'excursion, last September, returned home on Tuesday, well pleased with the trip. He reports a good crop in the locality in which he was employed, some distance from Calgary, but the backward weather delayed threshing exceedingly, and much grain remains in the fields yet. Mr. Scott attended the Winter Fair, Toronto, and spent a few days in Buffalo, N.Y., on his way home.

Allan McGuinness has returned to his home at Emerald, after spending the past few months at Rochester, N.Y.

Matthew Durham has purchased the farm on the south shore, recently vacated by John Smith. The latter, with his family, have moved to Emerald.

R. J. O'Connor, who recently acquired the mail contract between Stella and Millhaven, is experiencing considerable hardship in not being able to secure a house in the village. It is believed that if a few houses were built in the residential section that they could be easily rented.

The sloop Grainger arrived on Sunday from Kingston, with a consignment of hard coal for Neilson Bros.

Builders' Supplies.

Let us supply you with cement, plaster wall board, roofing, paints, oils, glass and builders' hardware.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

REVIEW : THE EARLY PROPHETS OF ISRAEL

Sunday, Dec. 18th.

Golden Text—God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds. (Heb. 1 :1,2).

For six months we have studied the Early Kings and Prophets of Israel, from Samuel to Isaiah. The aim of the six months' course was stated by the Lesson Committee "To promote personal and national righteousness by a study of Israel's early kings and early prophets." Samuel's prophetic work in these lessons commenced about 1100 B.C., and Isaiah brings us to about 700 B.C., so these lessons have carried us through four centuries of Israel's history. Our quarter's study of the prophets begins with Elijah before King Ahab of Israel, 910 B.C.; and we have had lessons on Elijah, Elisha, Amos, Hosea, Micah and Isaiah.

Let us remember that the work of the true prophets whose history is recorded in the Scriptures, was different from that of other men who may come prominently before a nation with some ringing message or appeal or reform, and who are popularly called prophets. The prophet of God in the Scriptures was given God's own message in a supernatural way, which does not obtain today. Often he was given the actual words he was to utter before the people, as God's words to them. "Verbal inspiration" undoubtedly characterized many of the spoken messages of the prophets as truly as it characterizes the Scriptures.

Furthermore, we must remember that the appearance of a prophet in Israel always indicated, as Bible students have shown, that God had some controversy wih His people. When Israel turned away from God in His love and mercy He raised up men to warn them of their sins, to declare God's sure judgment on sin, and to plead with them to come back to their only Saviour and Lord.

Lessons 1, 2, 3. **Elijah.** I. Kings, 18, 19, 21. Ahab and his heathen and idolatrous wife, Jezebel, had turned all Israel to idlatry, with the degenerate immorality that idolatry invariably brings. In three lessons we find God's judgments on Israel, spoken or brought to pass through Elijah, such as the three years' drought and famine. Do nations today recognize God's voice and judgment in so-called "natural" cataclysms, like famine, drught, flood, earthquake? The Scriptures plainly declare these to be God's judgments on sin and His call to people to return to Himself.

Even a prophet is human; when Elijah's faith broke down God tenderly cared for him and restored him; then commissioned him again to declare unto Ahab the judgment of God for his sin and Jezebel's against Naboth. These lessons teach inescapably that "the wages of sin is death."

4 **The Call of the Prophet.** I. Kings 19 :19, 20 ; Amos 7 : 10-15 ; Isaiah 6:1-8. God called different prophets in different ways. Elisha, evidently a man of means, was called by Elijah's casting his mantle upon him; his first service was to minister to the older prophet. Amos and Isaiah were called by God's own voice speaking directly to him, without any human intermediary; and both had a small, not exalted opinion of themselves. But all three men were sure of God's call and moved forward unfalteringly in their difficult mission because of this. It matters not how God calls us today; it matters a great deal that we hear and answer his call.

5, 6. **Amos.** Amos 2:4 to 3: 15 ; 5, 7. The Northern Kingdom of Israel was brought to the height of its power under Jeroboam II., another King steeped in idolatry but immensely cabable in human wisdom and power. In the midst of Israel's prosperity and seeming security Amos prophesied judgment and destruction. He denounced sin and he pleaded for justice and righteousness to replace the graft and corruption in high places. This did not make him popular, but his prophecies were all fulfilled.

7. **Hosea.** Hosea 6, 11, 14. It always costs us something to serve God faithfully, and Hosea's experience was heart-breaking evidence of this. In his own married life he passed through suffering that God has had to endure as the "Husband" of spiritually adulterous Israel. If we give God's message faithfully to a sinning world we shall suffer for it—and be rewarded.

8. **Micah.** Micah 2, 3, 6, 7 : 1-6. During the reigns of three Kings each over Israel and Judah, Micah courageously called a spade a spade, and publicly pictured the blackness and infamy of the sins in which God's people were living. By telling the truth about sin and its consequences he gave every opportunity for the people to repent, as God always does; but they would not. Yet with the assured judgmens came the equal assurance of God's grace and forgiveness, which will yet be poured out upon the Jews.

9, 10, 11. **Isaiah.** Isaiah 1 : 1-20 ; 3:1 to 5:30 ; 7, 31, 36, 37. Isaiah seems to have been the Apostle Paul, of the Old Testament. As Paul has drawn one of the most terrific pictures of sin and its consequences so has Isaiah; and as Paul has shown that "where sin abounded grace did much more abount," so Isaiah promises that, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Salvation for sinners through the substituionary death of Christ is set forth by both, and righteousness is shown to be the only way of safety for bth the individual and the nation.

The Review Golden Text shows us that we could never understand fully the inspired messages of the Old Testament prophets unless we had God's full and final word spoken to us in His Son.

WORLD'S STRANGEST MENUS

Meats and Vegetables Comprise Only Small Part of the Human Food Supply of the World.

Meats and vegetables, the staple articles of diet in the temperate zones, comprise only a small part of the human food supply of the world, says Dr. Austin H. Clark, of the world-famous Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

"Fastidiousness is an attribute rapidly acquired by all peoples with increasing prosperity," he declares.

"We have thus eliminated from our list of edibles many items that are important economic factors elsewhere. We disregard cats and rats, for instance; yet when cooked in other countries and called rabbit these are not so bad.

"Sentiment, too, has always been against snakes, though they are eaten in some places, even in this country, and they are very good to eat, as I can testify. South American Indians eat monkeys, but the flesh is tough and strong. We have been known to eat skunks, and in some Eastern seaside places large fruit bats are highly esteemed.

"Chicken and rice three times a day formed my entire bill of fare once — for a period of six weeks. We then caught a whale, and I acquired forty pounds of good fresh meat. I still look back on that whale meat as the finest meat I ever tasted, resembling the best of beef, but more tender.

"Nearly all kinds of birds are eaten unless their flesh is nauseating, as in the case of vultures, or too bitter to be swallowed, as in the case of spruce grouse. Hawks are a delicacy, as are herons and parrots. I have even seen the English sparrow in our markets, and in days past our fathers feasted royally on robin pies.

"Some of the larger lizards, especially the iguanas, are delicious and in high favor whenever they can be procured. Crocodile meat is reckoned good food by the African, and the tails of alligators are enjoyed by Southern Negroes.

"The crocodile appears regularly as a market food. In Siam and in Greenland the natives eat the flesh of the great Arctic shark; but an amateur may quickly succumb to what is known as shark intoxication.

"Fish eyes in the West Indies are considered a delicacy, and in Northeastern Asia boiled salmon eyes are a favorite dish. They resemble large blueberries. Sheep's eyes, too, are very popular in Asia Minor.

"Jellyfish often excite our interest because of their beautiful coloring. We never think of them as food, but jellyfish are eaten in Japan and the Inland Sea Islands. This dish, flavored with condiments, is very appetizing. The jellyfish in ages past was also relished as far north as Cornwall, England.

"The seaworms include one that is very important as food in many places in Polynesia. It is called the palolo, and when fully grown it averages about sixteen inches in length and makes a fine stew.

"Squids and octopus are in demand in many parts of the world and form the basis for an important industry, especially in the Sea of Japan. I know from personal experience that both are very good when properly prepared.

"The seventeen-year locust, or periodical cicada, was eaten boiled by the American Indians, but white settlers never used it except in the manufacture of soap.

"There exists in the eastern foothills of the Rockies a large moth, called the pandora. It has the longest life of all the moths, and its caterpillar larvae are particularly relished by the Pai-Utes in the Klamath region of Oregon.

"Dried grasshoppers form an ingredient of the most delicious curries in Calcutta. White ants, too, are eaten by Hottentots, and remind you, if you close your eyes, of sweet-almond paste.

"Large earthworms are also swallowed by the singing girls of Japan in the hope that they will in some way improve their voices."

Century-Old Cells In Heart of Tree.

Living cells over a century old have been found in the heartwood of redwood trees in California by Dr. D. T. McDougal of the Carnegie Institute of Washington and Dr. G. M. Smith of Stanford University, according to an article in Science. These minute units of which all living things are built have usually been assumed to be very short-lived. Most cells either die within a few days or weeks after they originate or lose their identity by dividing to form new cells.

In earlier studies Dr. MacDougal discovered centenarian cells buried deep in the tissues of the giant cactus of the southwestern desert, and in another species of cactus he found cells which though not so old could still measure their age in decades. The long-lived cells in the hardy woody tissues of the redwood constitute the first case on record of vegetative life persisting buried within the heart of a tree.

Record Non-Stop Journey.

All land and air records for continuous running have been broken by an Ariel motor-cycle and side-car. Without the engine being stopped, the machine ran for 5,004 miles on a course at Banbury, England. On its run the machine averaged twenty miles an hour. The engine revolved 10,000,000 times, with 20,000,000 explosions, and the piston travelled 1,000 miles.

An Inhabitant of Brazil.

The all green parakeet is an inhabitant of Eastern Brazil. It may be seen flying in large flocks from grove to grove or ravaging rice and maize fields. It is about ten inches in length, and can be distinguished from other members of its family by the long tail and green plumage. Its cry is a short, sharp scream.

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GOOD SEED POTATOES

The elimination of disease is the first essential for obtaining good seed potatoes. To detect diseases careful inspection at different stages is necessary, and such a service has been conducted for a number of years by the Dominion Department of Agriculture. When the government inspectors find that potatoes conform to certain high standards of vigour, freedom from disease and purity of variety, they may pass them as certified seed. Official tags are issued for such seed stocks and all potatoes sold as certified seed must have the official tag attached to each container. The steps necessary to obtain certification and the regulations governing it are given in a pamphlet on Canadian Certified Seed Potatoes, distributed by the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. Anyone who reads the regulations to which the grower of certified seed potatoes must conform, will not be surprised at the favourable results obtained from their use. These results have been striking and make it clear that the system is a very successful one. Certified seed has now been adopted in all the principal potato growing districts. Such seed produces considerably greater yields than common stock, thus reducing the cost of production. Its use also keeps down destructive diseases to a minimum.

THINKING ANIMALS.

What Do Animals Think About? Asks a Writer.

Everybody has seen a dog lying with his head on his paws in front of the fire, and gazing at the dancing flames, says a writer in the London Sunday Chronicle. Is he just somnolent, or lost in thought?

The horse watching another horse pulling a heavy load—the cow in the field calmly chewing her cud — the cat sunning herself—have they the power of thought and reasoning?

Scientists have just carried through a series of experiments in an attempt to probe the animal mind and have made some remarkable discoveries. Evidence has been accumulated pointing to impulses and worthy deeds on the part of domestic and wild creatures indicating creditable codes of morals.

The ant exhibits all the morals of the good Samaritan in the highest degree. She lives in big nests that are really populous cities which force upon their inhabitants a long string of "musts" and "must nots."

The ant will abandon a valuable bit of treasure and go to almost any lengths of risk and effort to aid and comfort another member of her nest. If an ant is trapped under a pebble or twig, the next ant that comes that way will strain her tiny muscles to lift the weight. When that fails, she acts just as a human being, going back to town and organizes a rescue party.

Domesticated animals, particularly the dog, cat, and horse, have also a code of their own.

The dog's moral code commands him to protect the home and family, and if necessary die for them. He is watchman, detective, policeman, and soldier — deep responsibilities that keep him worried and overzealous.

The cat accepts no responsibilities or obligations, but has also been proved to have a moral code.

An English clergyman has recorded the morals, both good and evil, of one of his cats. The cat was a thief, but her thefts were mixed up with a sort of lofty morality, like that of Robin Hood, who used to rob the rich to give to the poor—at least so he claimed.

The minister's dishonest cat really did it. She would not only invite hungry, tramp felines to eat her own legitimate food, but when that was gone would steal from her master and share her loot with the strangers. Seeing a neighbor's cat about to eat some foul scraps of meat she took away the unfit food and, instead, stole a piece of fish from the safe for her hungry friend.

CHINESE HUMOR.

Anecdotes Illustrating Subtlety of Orientals.

Two Chinamen, Chung and Kung, were warming themselves before an open stove. Chung, who remarkable for his coolness and loquacity, said to Kung, who was an exceedingly hot-headed person, "My dear Kung, there is something that I should like very much to say to you. It relates to a circumstance I have observed for a little time past and have desired to mention to you. But, bearing in mind the somewhat fiery and quarrelsome disposition that is commonly attributed to you, I have hesitated to express myself. However, I have at last resolved that, if I do not mention the matter to you, I shall do wrong, and I have consequently determined to ask your permission to speak to you about it."

"Well, what is it?"

"Your coat, my dear Kung," said Chung quietly, "is on fire."

"For pity's sake," exclaimed Kung angrily, jumping up and finding his coat near burned off, "why in the world didn't you tell me before?"

"There it goes! What a frightful temper!" Chung murmured as he moved away. "Folk told me quite right about you."

Another anecdote illustrates Chinese subtlety and suggests that some of our old-time comedians must have known something about Chinese humor. A man who had stolen a cow was subjected to torture. A passer-by, observing his sad state, asked him, "What did you do?" "Oh, nothing! I just found an old piece of rope on the road and picked it up." "And is it possible that they have punished you in this way for simply picking up an old piece of rope?" "Yes—only they found a cow at the end of the rope!"

A third story is one of the sort that is attributed usually to Irishmen. A courier, bearing important despatches, was given a horse and told to make all possible speed towards his destination. Some time afterwards he was found on the road, walking, and pushing his horse before him. "Why in the world are you doing that?" he was asked. "Oh," he said, "I reflected, and I came to the conclusion that we should make more speed on six feet than we could on four!"

GIFTS FROM THE KING.

When His Majesty "Visits" It Means Presents All Round.

Sometimes you will see articles in the newspapers telling how much it costs a member of Society's Inner Circle to entertain the King for a few days. Even for a shooting party, where, of course, simplicity is the keynote, the figures may astonish you.

But there is another side to the picture—what it costs his Majesty to visit one of his subjects.

Say that the King is at Bolton Abbey or Abbeystead for a shoot. First of all, a saloon is attached to the ordinary train. This is paid for out of the Privy Purse.

Then there are railway tickets. It is the duty of the Sergeant Footman to find out how many of the party are going, and then order tickets for everybody—the King included.

The Sergeant Footman occupies a highly responsible position, and the King knows his worth. He has been with his Majesty since the Marlborough House days.

Another trusted servant is the Superintendent of the Wardrobe. It is one of his duties to see that enough presents are taken along to enable the King to make gifts to everybody before leaving. No one must be forgotten.

From the station-master to the scullery-maid at the abbey, or wherever the King is staying, there is an appropriate gift for everyone. A station-master generally gets a scarf-pin in enamel, with the letters "G.V." engraved on it. If the Queen accompanies his Majesty, the legend on the pin is slightly different. In this case it is "G. M."

The host is never forgotten. He may receive a pin or cuff-links in diamonds, or a signed photograph of his royal guest.

All these gifts are made by London jewellers and submitted for approval. Then, if they are approved, an order is given. The Superintendent of the Wardrobe, who is really the valet, has a considerable say in placing these orders.

Other gifts are made as follows. The butler gets an enamel pin, and the chauffeur a silver watch, with "G. V." on the back. The under-servants get money, notes being given to the housekeeper, who shares them out. The head keeper gets a pin.

Then, stable-hands generally get pipes; and sometimes the head chauffeur gets the medal of the M.V.O.

It costs his Majesty roughly £150 for a week at one of the "stately homes of England."

OUR NEXT ECLIPSE.

Already Our Scientists Are Making Plans For the 1954 Spectacle.

Those people who, last June, viewed the total eclipse of the sun, were told by the scientists that there was no possibility of our seeing anothef total eclipse before 1999, but Dr. C. A. Crommelin, the famous astronomer, until recently actively associated with Greenwich Observatory, has now announced that there will be another of these phenomena forty-five years earlier than that.

Though the total eclipse which Dr. Crommelin forecasts for 1954 will be practically complete in all parts of Great Britain, those living in the south and wishing to observe it in complete totality will have to journey farther north than they did last June. The best observation point will be in Unst, one of the Shetland Islands.

It was Dr. Crommelin, in association with Prof. Cowell, who worked out the progress of Halley's Comet from 240 B.C. to A.D. 1910, which was not a fraction wrong in nearly 2,200 years.

He has also given us some additional information regarding the eclipse of 1999. It appears that the totality belt on that occasion will embrace the southern half of Cornwall, as well as parts of Devonshire and Dorset, the belt being about sixty miles wide.

THE LAND-YACHT.

Advantages of a Home With Those of a Motor-Car.

Combining the advantages of a home with those of a motor-car, a land-yacht claimed to be a home on wheels was seen at the recent Motor Show in England. The vehicle, which has five compartments, gives one the impression of touring in a hotel. At the back are two single-berth cabins each with a seven-foot bed, wardrobe drawers, a commodious hanging cupboard, and usual dressing-table fittings.

The living room can accommodate five people for meals at a centre table, the top of which lifts up. Underneath is an aluminium washing sink, with hot water and "run away." Cooking, water-heating, and lighting are done by electricity supplied from a special power plant.

Between the living room and the sleeping berths are two more rooms, one a well-equipped kitchen with oven, the other containing a standing shower bath. The whole vehicle weighs less than half a ton, is eighteen feet long, and does not look cumbersome on the road. It might almost be taken for a small omnibus. The price of the body is £800.

Sound Secrets.

It is strange that thunder can be heard over a distance of only ten or twelve miles, while artillery firing is often heard up to 150 miles.

The intensity of a sound depends upon the density of the air in which it is produced and not upon the density of the air in which it is heard. The farther up, the more the air diminishes in density. When thousands of feet above the earth balloonists can hear sounds from the ground with remarkable clearness. But people on the ground cannot hear similar sounds from the balloon.

The conditions of the air during a thunderstorm are such as would tend to scatter and dissipate the sound-waves. Gunfire is usually heard at great distances only when the air is comparatively calm, and it is not likely that it would be heard far during a thunderstorm.

"Gone to Pot."

The phrase, "Gone to pot," is of Oriental origin. A tailor in Samarcand, who lived near a burial ground, kept count of the deaths by dropping a stone into a pot for every funeral that passed. When he died someone remarked that he had gone into the pot himself.

WARNING OF EARTHQUAKE.

British Scientist's Adaptation of the Discoveries of a Japanese.

Earthquakes of the future may be heralded by the ringing of an earthquake alarm bell a few hours before the shock. In this way there would be time for an exodus from tall buildings and other places where the greatest loss of life is likely to occur.

That such an earthquake warning is not at all impossible is the statement made by John W. Evans, British seismologist, in a letter to the scientific magazine "Nature." Investigations made by Prof. Akitune Imamura, leading Japanese earthquake expert, and presented by him at the recent Geodetic and Geophysical Union meeting in Prague, support his ideas.

The effect that Mr. Evans proposes to utilize is that of a tilting of the earth's surface which seems to happen usually a little while before a quake. In five Japanese earthquakes between 1793 and 1927, including the great quake of 1922, there was a lifting of the ground of a yard or two which preceded the quake by from half an hour to five hours.

By means of an instrument developed by another Japanese scientist, Ishimoto, a very slight tilting of the earth can be measured. So sensitive is this climograph, as the instrument is called, that it will detect a tilting of the earth so slight as to move a pole a mile high only a fiftieth of an inch at its top. With an earthquake that occurred in Japan last spring, said Prof. Imamura, as quoted by Mr. Evans, this instrument showed a characteristic tilting which appeared from a few weeks to the day of the quake. About two and a half hours before the shock there was a rising of the ground of about a meter.

Mr. Evans suggests a chain of such stations for warning. "It would seem desirable," he says, "in regions subject to serious earthquakes, a number of local stations should each be equipped with a pair of simple horizontal pendulums, so adjusted that if any unusual tilt occurs a bell should ring automatically in the office of a central observer and the locality indicated there by a signal. He would then judge from the number of stations affected, and the record of his own seismometer, whether the indications were sufficient to warrant him in giving the alarm."

"QUICK" PROFITS.

Some Workshops Find It Pays to "Go Slow."

A trade film shown in England a few weeks ago proved beyond doubt how pace pays in the laundry industry. By the aid of the latest high-speed machinery, the cost of washing has been reduced to a little more than half what it was formerly.

The modern automobile is a wonderful example of mass production, and mass production depends on speed. Some years ago considerable interest was caused by a description of how an automobile was built in twenty-five minutes in certain United States works. Shortly afterwards, this feat was eclipsed on the other side of the Atlantic. A car was built in eleven minutes, and put on the road in nineteen minutes from the start of operations.

A firm of chain makers, whose works are near Manchester, England, found that they were being undersold by foreign competitors. Instead of giving up in disgust, they standardized all their tools, started a store in which were kept sets of tools ready sharpened for every job, and installed an electric bell on each machine.

Whenever a tool needed renewing, the man in charge of the machine had only to ring. A boy came hurrying from the store, took the dull tool away, and brought a fresh one.

Then the firm made a study of output hour by hour during the day, and, noticing that it fell away during the later part of the morning, made the men break off for fifteen minutes and supplied them with milk.

The result was that output has been doubled.

"Going slow" may increase output. Short rests in the middle of the morning and afternoon freshen up the workers and actually make them do more. The British Industrial Fatigue Research Board discovered this fact during the war, and now hundreds of firms are acting upon it. One firm that employs girls in teams of six has found, that these rest pauses have increased output from forty-five to seventy-five per cent.

Workers who are keen, interested, well-fed, and not over-tired do three times as much as the old-fashioned, take-it-easy sort.

Some of the quickest work to be seen anywhere in England is at the Wolverton works of the L. M. S. Railway, where twelve-ton covered goods wagons are being turned out at the rate of one every hour and three-quarters. In this brief times the various parts are shaped, cut, drilled, painted, and assembled, and the complete vehicle put on the rail.

MAN WHO MADE FURNITURE.

Revival of Interest In the Work of Thomas Sheraton.

In this age of craze for "antiques" it may prove of interest to many to learn a little about Thomas Sheraton, whose furniture is so much sought after.

A Thomas Sheraton table was recently purchased by Queen Mary to prevent it from crossing the Atlantic, writes W. G. Menzies in the London Daily Mail.

Thomas Sheraton was one of the most picturesque personalities in the history of English cabinet-making. In recent years there has been a revival of interest in his work, and in thousands of English homes to-day you will see the imprint of his taste and genius.

As Chippendale was the apostle of carving so Sheraton specialized in inlay, though many of the elaborate designs reproduced at the present time are quite foreign to Sheraton's simple and restrained style.

For his simpler pieces he used mahogany, but for his more important productions he favored satinwood. He also used such varied woods as tulip, rose, sycamore, hare, king, and apple, while on occasion, like the French cabinetmakers, he did not scruple to stain woods with bright colors.

His graceful chairs, tables, and sideboards are perhaps among the most popular pieces collected by the present-day connoisseur, while the collector of moderate means is ever on the look-out for Sheraton tea-caddies, knife-boxes, and fire-screens.

Sheraton's books of designs, though purchased by cabinetmakers all over England and the Continent, were, like everything else he attempted, a financial failure.

Disappointed and jealous, he did not scruple to describe the designs of his great contemporary Chippendale as "wholly antiquated," his jaundiced eye seeing no good in any design which did not emanate from his brain.

He lived to see the beginning of that wave of bad taste which culminated in the atrocities of the mid-Victorian cabinetmaker, and died in abject poverty in an attic in Broad-street, Golden square, in 1806. "An artistic genius living in chaotic poverty."

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Five Fridays

Frank R. Adams

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5 FRIDAYS 5

FRIDAYS

Prologue

Humor heaped up and running over; good, wholesome, side splitting, care destroying fun; people who are just the kind you know, in amusing situations into which any one might have stumbled, and a rapidity of action that keeps the reader's interest perpetually on the jump—the kind of story which when dramatized makes a two year run on the stage.

FRIDAYS

5 FRIDAYS 5

CHAPTER I.

Fast Ashore.

"WE eat too much," stated Lucile definitely while we were having tea on the front porch.

"We certainly do," I assented idly.

"Why not give our digestive apparatus a rest?" she propounded.

"Why not?" I rushed to my doom. I was having my two weeks' vacation and was too happy at being able to spend it on the island to care anything about an argument.

"I suggest that we fast for a week."

A suggestion like that put me in a nice fix. I don't mind stating that at that time I was about 210 pounds of eligible bachelor, aged thirty-five, comfortably in love with Lucile, but too old and set in the complacent selfishness of single blessedness ever to pretend to be a Romeo. The idea of fasting gave me a sinking sensation right where there was the most room to sink.

"What?" I ejaculated, forgetting for the moment that I had a reputation for ready repartee.

"I said, 'Why not fast for a week?' I read an article by Lipton S. Clair about it just this morning. He claims that fasting thoroughly rebuilds the system, gets rid of all toxins and increases the mental efficiency 50 per cent."

She picked up a magazine which was propped open face downward on the lower shelf of the porch table.

"Listen to this," she continued. "'Eating three meals a day is simply a habit. We have made tyrants of our stomachs. They demand to be fed every few hours, and if we answer that demand we are slaves.' There, that sounds like the reasoning of a thinker, doesn't it?"

"It sounds more like the reasoning of a thinker than of an eater."

Lucile reproved my flippancy. "I think it would do us all good."

"But I feel all right now." I called her attention to an obvious fact.

She dismissed my objection. "You can't be healthy unless you fast for a week at least once a year. Lipton S. Clair says so. Mother, you'll try it. won't you?"

The Chair Collapsed Immediately After I Did.

"Try what?"

"Fasting for a week."

"Why, yes, if you want to." Her mother picked up a book as if she had decided nothing more momentous than a question as to whether she preferred cream or lemon in her tea. She had been used as an experiment station for so many years that nothing surprised her.

I got up casually and tried to slip indoors, but Lucile stopped me. "Don't you think it will be lovely, Montmorency?"

I collapsed into a chair, which collapsed immediately after I did. She had called me by my first name! Yes; Montmorency is my first name. It sounds like several names, but it is only my first. That first name thing made it very hard to refuse. As I sat there on the porch surrounded by legs, rung and other parts of a chair a terrific struggle went on in my being between my heart and my stomach, and the weaker party won. Possibly my mind was stunned by my fall, although I have no recollection of hitting my head. I felt that Lucile was putting me to the test. From the look in her eye I knew that she was asking me to choose between love and beefsteak. So rising phoenix like I answered bravely, "Yes; I think fasting would be delightful."

So that was how we began.

As you can easily see, the cause of the trouble was that Lucile is one of those persons who take the magazine health and hygienic writers in good faith. It is impossible to convince her that those fellows have to make a living by their pens the same as other human authors and that every bizarre idea they can pounce on means just so much more copy at a regular rate per word. No, Lucile must needs try by experiment every new theory, using herself or any convenient relative or friend as a laboratory.

The absurdity of Lucile's attempt to improve upon her health and looks is apparent to any one who has ever been blessed with a sight of her. You can't make a slim young body like hers by simply rolling on the floor for an hour every day, nor are soft brown eyes with long, curly lashes the result of chewing any particular number of times upon a piece of steak. Nature must have been experimenting a good many centuries before she got just that particular texture for hair and that peculiar shade of cream velvet for complexions.

At this particular time for nearly twenty-five years she and nature had been uninterrupted by matrimony in their job of decorating, so that it is not to be wondered at that they had turned out a well nigh perfect product. There is nothing unfinished about her.

One of her early spasms was Fletcherism; then she struck the nuts and berries idea. I was a guest at her home the summer she tried both of these things out. If you are going to Fletcherize, a piece of old boot tastes just as good as a steak, and it is more economical. The adherents of the nuts and berries diet claim that it is a good food schedule because grizzly bears live on it. As far as I am concerned, being like a grizzly bear is a doubtful advantage, and, besides, I don't believe it is possible for a bear to shell enough peanuts to live on.

Lucile called a meeting to discuss ways and means.

"First of all," she said, "when the supply boat comes today we'll make them take back every edible thing they have brought, together with what we have on hand, so that we won't be tempted. Isn't it lucky our cottage is on an island all by itself so that it won't be possible for one of us to cheat by going to a hotel somewhere."

"Don't you think it would be a greater victory for us if we conquered the demon food with some supplies within easy reach?" I suggested, with a painful recollection of that supply boat which came only twice a week, but carried delicacies of which Lucullus never dreamed.

"No, it's best to take no chances."

"There's the motorboat anyway. We could run over to the mainland."

"No, we couldn't." Lucile smiled. "Father is the only one who can run it, and he won't be here until Sunday."

Thus another ray of sunlight flickered out. A man of my build does not crank up a marine engine located near the floor of a boat. I might say he could not, but it is truer to say that he does not. If he is the least bit wise he does not even try it.

"I'll give the maid a week off," Lucile continued gayly. "As we're not going to eat anything we shall not really need her, and she has been wanting to go home for some time. I'll let her go back with the supply boat. We'll begin our fasting tomorrow by going without breakfast."

She consulted the magazine again. "We have to drink plenty of good, pure water and think high thoughts all the time, and we'll hardly notice the absence of food at all. Then next Monday we'll break our fast by drinking the juice of an orange and eating a handful of popcorn, just one handful so as not to shock our digestive apparatus by introducing anything solid into it."

But why harrow the reader with the rules and regulations which Lucile framed for us. Suffice it to say that they went into effect the next morning according to schedule.

We met at breakfast. I am never at my best before I drink my first cup of coffee in the morning, and the thought of the inhuman way I was about to treat my "tummie" depressed me more than usual. The table was ghastly white, unbroken by the usual cheerful array of steaming hot dishes. At each place was a large glass of water and a napkin. What the napkin was for I failed to discover. I imagine it was what the anthropologists would call "a survival of culture."

"We have fifty-eight five gallon bottles of distilled water," Lucile informed us. "I wonder if that will be enough. It amounts to nearly a hundred gallons apiece."

I made a hasty calculation and decided that a hundred gallons of drinking water would last me the rest of my life.

Mrs. Green, Lucile's mother, was patiently cheerful and drank three glasses of water like a sponge. I didn't care much for mine. I had previously had no idea that water was so flat and tasteless. It is also an extraordinarily elusive and clammy thing to put into an empty stomach which is eagerly expecting bacon and eggs, muffins and coffee.

"I feel better already," Lucile said gayly as we left the table. "My mind is clear—I have wasted none of my vital energy in merely digesting food."

I knew that she was quoting Lipton S. Clair, whom I was beginning to regard with disfavor, to say the least, but I refrained from voicing my opinion of a man who will help women to get even more fool ideas than they can think up by themselves.

I took a cigar from my pocket, cut the tip off carefully with a silver cutter Lucile had given me the previous Christmas and was about to light it when she stopped me.

"No, no, no; you mustn't. Did I forget to tell you that while we are fasting we have to give up all stimulants and narcotics, such as alcohol and tobacco?"

"What—cut out smoking for a week?"

"Certainly," she replied firmly. "In the first place, if you don't you will be deathly ill; in the second place, the whole object of the fast is to rid the body of all toxic poisons, such as nicotine, alcohol and so forth. By the time you have done without tobacco for a week I should not be surprised if you never smoked again."

"Nor me either," I reflected gloomily out loud. "I'll be dead."

"Of course if you don't care to make the experiment," Lucile said icily, "I'll put off the fasting for another week until Frank Bopp is here. I'm sure he will be willing to try it."

This was waving a red flag at me. Frank Bopp was my rival. After her reference to him I would have gone without breathing for a week if she had suggested it. Bopp is a thin, conversational insect who can perch on the arm of a girl's chair and chirp by the hour. Sometimes I regret that for architectural and educational reasons I can't do that, and then I remember what other men would think of me if I could, and I am solaced. I refrain from saying what I think of the name "Bopp."

Thus through my love and jealousy I was led into deeper water or, shall I say, more water because somebody handed me a glass of the stuff every few minutes. I drank it in the vain hope that I could drown the inner man, who seemed to be yelling for help all the time and kicking me just below the belt buckle when he didn't get it.

That morning we went for a walk.

"Walking is the best exercise in the world," Lucile stated. "It is excellent for reducing surplus flesh around the abdominal region."

Invariably she had a little stinger for me concealed in any remark she might make. I have since learned that this is a sign that a woman takes a proprietary interest in a man.

Before we went she fed Tootles, her long haired pup. Tootles is one of those dogs so constructed by nature that when you want to look them in the face you don't know where to look. I often wonder if Tootles herself isn't in doubt as to which end to wag.

"Isn't Tootles going to fast, too?" I protested. "Can't she stand it as well as I can?"

"Possibly she could do it," Lucile said as she gave her a dog biscuit, "but she hasn't intelligence enough to understand why she should go without food."

"I'm not far above Tootles in intelligence, then," I remarked, but under my breath this time, so she could not hear.

After watching Tootles eat we went walking. Whenever I go walking in the city I hire a taxicab. If I want to see nature in all her grandeur do I go tramping through the woods? I do not. I buy a seat at a moving picture show where they are running a western outlaw film. "Nature for a nickel" is my motto. Fatigue is eliminated, and the sum total of knowledge is advanced several thousand feet.

After we had covered several miles, as it seemed to me, I suggested that we had better not go much farther away from home.

"Why not?" Lucile queried.

"We might not get back in time for lunch."

"I brought our lunch," she said and produced a flask of water.

I groaned. I had nearly forgotten that there was to be no lunch. It's curious how much you depend on meals to break up the day. All the morning long you keep thinking, "I must get so much done before lunch," and then in the afternoon you spur yourself on to an extra effort with the thought of a better dinner than usual when you get through. Take these meal landmarks out of your day and what is left? Nothing but a dreary, dead level desert of time, a day whose limits seem interminable.

"How many days is it until we eat again?" I asked hopelessly.

"Six and a half," Lucile computed. "Then we get some orange juice and a few kernels of popcorn."

"Then what?"

"That's all for the first day."

A few kernels of popcorn! Can you imagine a kernel of popcorn floating hither and yon in all that sea of water and finally giving up with a despairing shriek when it finds there is no place to land?

"You mustn't think of things to eat. You're not really hungry. It is your imagination. Tighten your belt and you won't know that you haven't eaten."

I followed her advice. True enough, the belt was quite loose. A terrible thought struck me—a few days of fasting and I would have to wear suspenders! I had always prided myself on a self supporting figure, as it were, and had jeered at the fence rail build which is obliged to hang all its garments from its shoulders. Already with one meal missing I was up to the last notch in my belt.

Along toward noon I noticed a distinct headache.

"That will pass away," Lucile assured me. "Lipton S. Clair says so, and he ought to know."

"Why ought he to know?" I snapped. "Did he invent headaches, or is he just generalizing from reading about somebody else's headache? This pain I've got here has settled in my region of thought for a long run, and I defy any Lipton S. Clair to drive it out."

"Don't be cross," Lucile soothed. "Let me dip my handkerchief in this spring here and wet your forehead with it."

She did, and while it didn't do any good I always like to have her fussing around me.

The spring is one that every one visits who comes to the island, and there is a tin cup sitting on a rock near by. I started to get a drink.

"You mustn't drink that water," Lucile stopped me. "You must not drink anything but distilled water while you are fasting."

"Why not?"

"Because when there is nothing else in it the stomach is particularly susceptible to disease."

That was more of L. S. Clair's magazine stuff. I knew it. Probably he got about 5 cents a word for it too.

"That water, pure as it is, may have microbes in it," she continued.

"What chance would a microbe have against my stomach?" I returned bitterly, but I refrained from drinking the water. In those days that woman had me under her thumb.

At nightfall we sat around that white table once more. I think even Lucile's enthusiasm was wavering. It seemed distinctly more of an effort to be cheerful than it had at breakfast. Her mother was frankly miserable and eyed me with a glance which warned me that were we cannibals the laws of hospitality would hardly protect one of my build.

"It's Johnston's launch," said Mrs. Green.

"Have some water, Mr. Blainey," Lucile said.

"I won't drink another drop tonight," I declared, "unless I can have some flavoring extract in it."

After that we sat around thinking about sweet potatoes and hash and steaks, but talking about the latest books and the moonlight through the trees. But what is moonlight on an empty stomach? Merely moonlight, nothing more.

"What's that?" demanded Lucile, straining her ears to catch some sound out on the water. There was a faint "put-put" out somewhere.

"It's Johnson's launch," said Mrs. Green. "I can tell because it misses every tenth explosion."

"Lipton S. Clair says that fasting makes all the senses extraordinarily acute," Lucile explained.

I know Mrs. Green said "—— Lipton S. Clair!" under her breath, but I did not hear it.

"I wonder what Johnson's boat can be doing out here at this time of night," Lucile speculated.

"He must be bringing some one over here," said her mother. "Ours is the only island for miles which is inhabited as late as this in the season."

"It can't be father," Lucile mused. "He said he wouldn't be home until Sunday."

So we went down to the dock. It was moonlight, and the old launch coming in looked some way romantic. What was she bringing us? Something within me suggested food.

The launch came alongside; a man with a couple of grips jumped ashore; then the boat backed away and limped off again into the darkness.

"Why, Frank Bopp!" exclaimed Lucile, greeting the newcomer. "We weren't expecting you until next week."

"I know it," he said, "but I got two weeks' vacation instead of one, and I thought I'd be welcome, so I grabbed the first train, and here I am."

"Of course you are welcome." Lucile was wondering how she was going to break the news of the fasting to him.

"How are you, Monty?" He hailed me with the nickname I most detest and slapped me on the shoulder blade where the sunburn was the worst.

I assured him politely, but untruthfully, that I had never felt better.

Then we went back to the house. All I had needed was the presence of this mosquito to be absolutely miserable. He knew more different ways of getting on my nerves, even when I was well fed, than any other individual in the world. I hated to think what the next few days would be like with Bopp and hunger for my companions.

"Believe me," Bopp was saying, "I had some dinner on the dining car this evening. There was some fried chicken, with biscuit and gravy, mashed potatoes, corn on the cob"—

"Isn't the moon beautiful?" interrupted Lucile. Even she could stand no more.

"Looks like a great big pumpkin, doesn't it?" Bopp blundered.

I am going to put a new verb in the dictionary—namely, "to Bopp," meaning to speak at length on any annoying subject.

Finally Lucile took him one side and explained about the fasting. The idea fascinated him, especially in its application to me. He offered to wager me huge sums of money, which neither of us possessed, that I couldn't last for a week, and if I did he wanted to open a pool on my probable weight and waist measurement at the finish. You can imagine how much his talk amused me.

CHAPTER II.

After the Arrival of Mr. Bopp.

WHEN we got back to the house Lucile passed every one a glass of water. Bopp, with mock alarm, would not let me drink mine.

"Wait till I get a tire gauge," he said, "and see if Monty can stand another glass without bursting an inner tube."

"Don't be funny," interposed Lucile. "About tomorrow you'll feel the way Mr. Blainey does now."

"Why?"

"Any one does after fasting the first day."

"Me fast?" Bopp laughed a clear ringing laugh. "No, thank you. I don't go in for those fads. I think I can have more fun watching Monty do a gradual disappearing act."

Lucile didn't tell him then that there was no food in the house, and I joyfully refrained, for fear of spoiling one little jot of the pleasure I would have in watching him when he discovered it for himself the next morning at breakfast.

"I'm going to bed," I announced stiffly.

"Are you sleepy so soon?" asked Lucile.

"Not sleepy, but very tired," said I, looking pointedly at Bopp. "I think I may read awhile."

I started to get a glass of water.

"Pass Monty the boiler compound," said Bopp. "He's getting full of lime."

"Good night, Mr. Blainey," said Lucile sweetly, to make up for the boor's rudeness.

I held her hand for an instant. "Good night, Miss Green." Then as I turned to go up the stairs I mumbled, "Good night, Bopp."

"Good night, Monty," he returned. "Gee, for your sake I hope we don't have a frost tonight or you are apt to burst."

I went upstairs and slammed my bedroom door. At last I could be alone with my misery. After I got into bed I tried lying on my back, on my side and on my stomach. It was no use; I could not sleep.

At last I heard the others coming upstairs to bed. I wondered if he had kissed her good night in the hall.

Some one knocked at my door.

I growled, "Come in."

Bopp stuck his head in at the door.

"Excuse me, Monty," he said. "I saw a light under your door, and, thinking you might be awake, I brought you a book to read."

He tossed a volume on my bed, withdrew and shut the door.

I wondered if I had misjudged the man. It certainly was decent of him to bring me a book. I picked up the volume, read the title and threw it at the door he had just closed.

It was "The White House Cookbook."

In an eon or two it was daylight once more, and I dressed my emaciated figure with care, inserting a precautionary safety pin hither and yon in the folds which were once the waist line of my garments. Early as I had risen, Lucile was downstairs almost as soon as I was. We had our tipple standing and at separate times.

"Shall we waken Mr. Bopp?" I asked. "I should hate to have him miss any of this glorious day."

"No," vetoed Lucile, who suspected my motive. "The beauty of fasting is that it relieves one from all the restraint of convention. We are not tied down to meals, to regular rising and retiring. Every one may consult his own convenience in the matter. You choose to arise and glory in nature; he prefers to dream."

There were sounds of some one stirring upstairs.

"Frank is up," announced Lucile with relief. I think she knew there was a storm coming and was glad to get the suspense over with.

Bopp sang as he dressed. I never care for a person who is cheerful before breakfast. It always seems to me as if the person puts it on to irritate others.

The melody which Bopp dressed himself by was "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," and then as an encore he favored himself with "The Old Oaken Bucket" and "Suwanee River." After that he was entitled to all that was coming to him.

He came downstairs smiling and asked pleasantly, "Have you been out to pump your breakfast yet, Monty?"

When he noticed that Lucile was in the room he made no further allusions to eating or water. Then he went out into the kitchen. When he returned his face wore a puzzled expression.

"Do you know where the maid is?" he inquired. "I thought I'd ask her to make me a cup of coffee."

"The maid is taking a vacation," I answered hastily, for fear Lucile would rob me of the pleasure of telling him. "She won't be back for a week."

"Oh!" He received the blow with open mouth. After a moment he recovered. "You won't mind, will you, Lucile, if I get myself a bite?"

"I wouldn't mind in the least," she answered, "but there isn't a thing to eat in the house."

"Nothing to eat?"

"No. That's so we wouldn't be tempted to break our fast."

I sauntered casually over to the piano and with one finger picked out "I'm on the Water Wagon Now." Bopp was too stunned to notice it much.

"What shall I do?" he yelled, with all the rage of a regular man deprived of his breakfast.

"Why; you'll have to fast, too," said Lucile placidly. "It will make you feel better and will put flesh on your frame."

"The engine is cold," he announced.

"But you said that it would make me thin," I interrupted.

"It works both ways," supplied Lucile.

"Me fast?" snorted Bopp. "I guess not—not while I'm within two miles of the mainland! Is the motorboat in running order?"

"Why, yes, I guess it is," Lucile replied doubtfully. It is always well to be doubtful about a motorboat. "But there is no one here who can run it."

"Huh!" grunted Bopp unpleasantly. "I guess I can run it. I don't like to talk about myself, but I have yet to meet the gasoline engine that does not cower at my approach. If there's a spark and if there's any juice in the gasoline tank she's got to go."

We all went down to see him off and sat on the dock until he got everything ready—all of us, that is, except Mrs. Green, who complained of a headache, poor old lady, and decided to stay in bed.

I did not help Bopp on his way much, as I should have liked to, because I know my limitations when it comes to motorboats. Now, with an automobile I am right at home. When a car refuses to do what the advertisements claim for it, all you need to do is to get out the tool kit, jack up one of the axles and telephone the nearest garage. Sometimes it isn't even necessary to use the jack, but it looks more professional and impresses your passengers with your mechanical skill.

Bopp looked the engine over and sniffed. "Looks like it was built by a one armed plumber's assistant with the St. Vitus dance. However, it's very simple. A child could understand this."

He pulled a few levers, set the steering wheel and started to crank it.

"Monty," he commanded, "loosen that line there, and when the engine starts throw it aboard so I won't have to leave the steering wheel."

I did as he asked.

He turned the flywheel over painfully. There was a sort of wheezing sound, but nothing resembling the regular explosion of a marine motor in the flush of perfect health feeling its oats.

"The engine is cold," he announced.

"The principle of the gasoline engine," I lectured glibly to Lucile, "is easily comprehensible to the intellect of a boy of ten. It consists simply of mixing gasoline in the thing-a-ma-jig which is drawn into a what-d'-you-call-it in the engine, and then when an electric spark is applied from the ding-bat there is an explosion. See—he turns the wheel over—this draws the charge of gas into the engine—now the eccentric trips the sparking device—now listen intently for the explosion. You can't hear it because there is a very good muffler on the boat."

Bopp expressed what he thought of me by hitting the engine a smart rap with the monkey wrench.

"What's the matter?" inquired Lucile sweetly, wishing to smooth matters over. "Won't the engine run?"

That is always the prize question to ask the operator of a gasoline engine on a boat or an auto. Next time you see an auto stalled beside the road, with the driver dripping perspiration and tearing his heart out at the crank, ask him that, and you will hear him pour out his innermost soul in words of one syllable.

Bopp seemed disinclined to answer, so I did it for him. "You see, he could make the engine go, any child could, but he wants to get it all warmed up before he starts it. It is really kindness on his part. No humane man would want to make a poor, cold, gasoline engine run fast right at first. See! Mr. Bopp is going to hold it in his lap until it gets warm."

"Oh, dry up!" snapped Bopp impolitely.

"That's impossible," I retorted. "The earth itself is over two-thirds water, and I stack up considerably higher than that."

Bopp now had a smudge of dark grease on his light trousers, had worn a blister on the palm of his hand and had used up a collar completely. He opened a valve on top of the engine, sniffed suspiciously and looked wise.

"It's flooded," he snorted.

"I can sympathize with it," I said feelingly.

After rummaging around in the locker for awhile he got out a collection of tools and began to remove a steel plate from the engine.

"In order to make it easier to understand the inner workings of the engine," I explained to Lucile, "he is going to take it apart so that you may see each piece distinctly. I wonder if he knows that he spilled some cylinder oil in that place where he is now sitting. No matter. To resume our lecture, that thin piece of tubing covered with black grease is the crank shaft. No; I am mistaken. That is the man's leg. The crank shaft is that other thing not quite so thin and shapeless. Move your leg a little, will you, Bopp, so that Lucile can tell which is the crank shaft?"

There was no reply save a growl of rage from below where the young man was standing on his head peering into the gizzard of the machine.

"Don't forget to tell me when to let go of the rope," I reminded him.

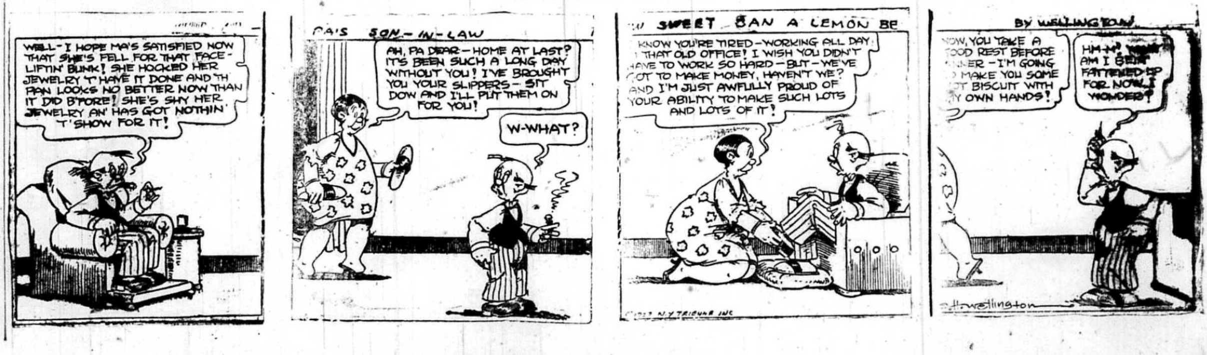
Lucile suddenly scrambled down into the launch.

"Oh, Frank," she exclaimed, "would it make any difference if this wire were fastened to something?"

He arose from his imitation of a kangaroo about to jump down a mine shaft and took the wire from her fingers without comment. His feelings, whatever they were, he did not dare trust to speech. There was something majestic about the repression of the man that forbade comment. In palpitating silence he attached the wire to a place which seemed to be made for it, reassembled the engine, wiped

(Continued on page 5)

Pa's Son-in-Law



WELL—I HOPE MA'S SATISFIED NOW THAT SHE'S FELL FOR THAT FACE-LIFTIN' BUNK! SHE HOCKED HER JEWELRY T'HAVE IT DONE AN' TH' PAN LOOKS NO BETTER NOW THAN IT DID B'FORE! SHE'S SHY HER JEWELRY AN' HAS GOT NOTHIN' T' SHOW FOR IT!
PA'S SON-IN-LAW
AH, PA DEAR—HOME AT LAST? IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG DAY WITHOUT YOU! I'VE BROUGHT YOU YOUR SLIPPERS—SIT DOW AND I'LL PUT THEM ON FOR YOU!
W-WHAT?
SWEET CAN A LEMON BE
KNOW YOU'RE TIRED—WORKING ALL DAY IN THAT OLD OFFICE! I WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO WORK SO HARD—BUT—WE'VE GOT TO MAKE MONEY, HAVEN'T WE? AND I'M JUST AWFULLY PROUD OF YOUR ABILITY TO MAKE SUCH LOTS AND LOTS OF IT!
BY WELLINGTON
NOW, YOU TAKE A GOOD REST BEFORE DINNER—I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU SOME HOT BISCUIT WITH MY OWN HANDS!
HM-M? WHAT AM I BEIN' FATTENED UP FOR NOW, I WONDER?
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Christmas Concert at Morven.

A Christmas Concert will be held on Thursday, Dec. 22nd, at 8 p.m. A good programme will be given. Admission 20c. and 10c. 3-ap

Mt .Pleasant School Concert.

The pupils of S. S. No. 3, Richmond, will give their concert on Tuesday evening, Dec. 20th, at 7.30 p.m., in Mount Pleasant Church. 3-ap

Notice to Public.

We wish to announce that we have taken over the premises formerly known as Card's Garage and are prepared to repair all makes of cars, also to do lathe work and acetylene welding. We are also agents for Massey-Harris Farm Machinery, Geo. White Threshing Machinery, Beatty Stable equipment and pumps, Mount Forest cutters and buggies, farm Cement Mixers. Call and see us before buying elsewhere.

DENISON'S GARAGE,
3-a Napanee, Ontario.

Napanee Poultry Association.

The regular meeting of the Napanee Poultry Association was held in the Agriculture Hall, Dundas street, Napanee on Monday, evening. Ray Perry, President of the Association, was in the chair. An address on "Economical Poultry Feeding," was given by Mr. F. Walsh, of the Experimental Department of the Quaker Oats Co., Peterborough, makers of Full of Pep Poultry Feeds. The audience was taken, by means of moving pictures, through the firms' various plants and mills, ending at the World's Poultry Congress, Ottawa. Both the talk and the pictrues were exceptionally good, and all present departed well pleased with their evening's entertainment. A vote of thanks to the speaker, moved by Mr. Geo. DeGrof and seconded by M. B. Mills, was carried unanimously.

Auction Sale.

There will be offered for sale by Public Auction, at the home of Robert H. McFarland, on the Belleville Road, 1½ miles from Napanee, on Wednesday, Dec. 14th, 1927, at 1 o'clock sharp, the following: 3 horses, 4 cows, 3 walking plows, horserake, spring tooth cultivator, corn scuffler, lumber wagon and hay rack, seed drill, set of sleighs, set of double harness, 2-year-old colt, 40 hens, new mower, drag, Massey-Harris cream separator, Ford sedan and several other used cars, used tires, auto chains, etc., 8-foot counter show case, 200 bus. oats and barley mixed, forks, quantity of hay and straw and other articles too numerous to mention. Terms of sale: $10 and under, cash, over that amount 9 months credit on approved joint notes, with interest at 7%.

S. W. CLARK, Odessa,
Auctioneer.

Curlers Getting Ready.

A representation meeting of those interested in curling, one of Canada's most popular winter sports, was held at the club house of the Napanee Curling Club on Friday evening last. Those present were most enthusiastic and the prospects for a successful season seems decidedly bright. All necessary arrangements were completed and the election of officers resulted as follows:

President—A. L. Dafoe.
Vice-Pres.—C. H. Lapum.
Treasurer—C. I. Maybee.
Sec'y—H. W. Huffman.
Executive Committee—Jas. A. Pringle, Fred Vanalstine, E. O. Ungar.
Auditors—P. Gleeson, M. P. Graham.
Ice Committee—W. C. Smith, P. C. Killorin.
Entertainment Committee—R. Root, B. Huyck, H. Huffman, H. Fitzpatrick, W. J. Jewell.
Competitions Committee—H. Lapum, J. Pringle, M. Taylor, P. Gleeson.
Representatives to C. O. C. L., Kingston—M. P .Graham, A. L. Dafoe.
Membership Committee—W. J. Jewell, C. Maybee, H. Lapum, A. L. Dafoe.

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9.30—Class meeting.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Conversion."

11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.

7 p.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "Too Much Religion When I was a Boy."

Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.

Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Card of Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Barnes wish to express their appreciation of the many kind acts shown them by hteir many friends during the illness and death of their daughter, Berniece Louise Barnes. Also for the many flowers donated.

Notice to the Public.

J. W. Metzler and C. Hawley have moved their Insurance Offices over the Montreal Bank, in the officer formerly occupied by the late G. F. Ruttan.

J. W. METZLER.
C. HAWLEY.
52-d

Poultry Meeting.

A meeting of the Napanee Poultry Association will be held in the Agriculture Hall, Napanee, on Monday evening, December 19th, at 8 p.m. The principal business of the evening will be a "Demonstration on Barred Rocks and Leghorns."

Xmas Suggestions.

The most elaborate display of brass jardinieres, cake baskets, sandwich plates, candle sticks, smokers' sets, ash trays, coal hods, coal boxes, that has ever been known here. Drop in and see them at

2-b BOYLE & SON.

Thanks, Mr. Tustin.

At Wonderland, on Monday and Tuesday evenings, the big feature picture was one entitled, "The Fire Brigade." Mr. Tustin kindly presented the members of the local fire department with complimentary tickets, which was much appreciated. Thank you, George.

Social Evening Proceeds Go To Santa Claus Fund.

The social evening to be held in the Oddfellows' Temple, Harshaw Block, on Wednesday evening next, will be for the benefit of the Santa Claus Fund. Oddfellows and their friends are cordially invited to attend and make it a grand success.

The Late Mrs. Asselstine.

The village of Roblin was shocked on Tuesday morning last when it was rumored that one of their citizens had passed away, in the person of Mrs. Sidney Asselstine. Deceased had been in poor health for some time and was taken to Kingston General Hospital on Monday. Besides her sorrowing husband, she leaves a family of eight children to whom the deep sympathy of the whole community is extended. The funeral was held on Thursday and was largely attended.

One Ton of Coal Free.

In front of Wilson's new Coal Office on Centre St., at the railway crossing is a large lump of Lehigh Valley Anthracite—the biggest piece of coal ever exhibited in Napanee. Every person is entitled to one guess as to how much it weighs... The person guesing nearest to the correct weight will receive ONE TON OF THE FAMOUS LEHIGH VALLEY ANTHRACITE, FREE. The contest closes at 12 noon on Tuesday, December 20th, and on that date the lump will be weighed by the Mayor of Napanee. Hand in your guess with your name and address at Wilson's Coal Office, on Centre street, at the Railway Crossing.

WILFRED S. WILSON,
Coal and Wood.

The Seaplane Wins.

Which form of transport is the quickest? Two hundred and eighty-one miles an hour was achieved by a British seaplane in the recent Schneider Trophy race. Major Segrave's British-made car did 203 miles an hour over a mile, while C. T. Temple attained a speed of 121 miles an hour on a motor-cycle

One hundred and two miles an hour has been reached by a railway engine and seventy-four miles an hour by a motor-boat. This year's Derby winner averaged 35 miles an hour, and a greyhound has done 35½ miles an hour.

The winner of a 50-mile cycle race averaged 25 miles an hour. A man's best speed on land is about 21½ miles, and in water, about four miles an hour.

Supplies of Cochineal.

Since aniline dyes now serve the purpose for which cochineal was once required, its cultivation has dwindled to the supply sufficient for the world's culinary requirements. There is only one place where both the plant and the cochineal bug are cultivated at all extensively, and that is in the Izabel Lake district of Guatemala, which is the home of the cactus, known locally as the nopal, and the coccus cacti, or cochineal bug, that feeds upon the nopal and provides the dye.

Britain's Oldest Mines.

Flints are still cut, or "knapped," at Brandon, in Norfolk; near this town is Grimes Graves, where there are flint mines and the dwellings used by the miners who worked in them 3,000 years ago.

Radio Accessories.

Tubes, Layerbilt heavy B. batteries. Last longer and give better service.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Anderson Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Sand Hill Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Gretna Church—Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church:

10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.

12.00—Sunday School.

7.00—Evensong and sermon.

St. John's Selby—

2.30—Evening Prayer and sermon.

DESERONTO.

Mrs. Clarence Thompson and infant daughter are the guests of her mother, Mrs. Thos. Naylor.

Mr. Howard VanDusen spent the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Ostrander spent Saturday in Belleville.

Rev .Mr. Harrison of the United Church, took the services in Sydenham street church, Kingston, on Sunday evening.

Mr. James Naphin spent the week-end at his home here.

Mr. T. J. Warren spent the week-end at his home here.

Miss Jennie Dryden has just received a letter from Santa Claus stating that he was leaving the Arctic Circle again soon to distribute his presents to the boys and girls of Southern Canada on Christmas Eve. He says to tell the boys and girls of Deseronto that when in the district Christmas Eve he will linger over and meet them all in person at the United Church the Monday night following. Santa Claus expresses much delight in the anticipation of meeting all the Deseronto boys and girls on that night.

Mrs. J. J. Dunn and Miss Mary Dunn have returned home after visiting friends in Toronto.

Mrs. Percy Histed and family from Camden East, are the guests of Mrs. Herbert Histed.

Mrs. Horton spent Monday in Napanee, owing to the serious illness of her sister, Mrs .Kerr.

Mr. Ira Claus returned from Ottawa on Friday night where he underwent an operation.

Capt. Samuel Putnam is confined to his home through illness.

Fiftieth Jubilee Service at Union Church was held on Sunday. Large crowds attended both services to celebrate the organization of the church. Special music was rendered by the choir and Professor Baird, of Napanee, presided at the organ, while the Rev. Dr. W. T. G. Brown, of Kingston, preached two splendid sermons at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Before the evening service, Prof. Baird gave an organ recital which was greatly appreciated by those present. Miss Flossie Richardson and Messrs. L. E. Tunnicliffe and Herbert Aylesworth took the special solos and parts in the anthems.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Subject, "The Failure of the Brook."

11.45—Sunday School.

6.30 p.m.—Organ recital by Prof .Baird.

7.00 p.m.—Evening worship. Subject, "Christ Wounded in the House of His Friends."

Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

Wednesday, 7.30—"An Hour of Bible Study."

A series of addresses by Mr. Pawson on "Conversations and Contacts With Christ."

BE SURE OF YOUR SIGNALS

BY ERWIN GREER

(President Greer School of Electrical & Automotive Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

Signaling from a motor car ought to be universal. Signals should be the same everywhere and should mean exactly the same under all conditions. If there is any factor of doubt, the value of the signal is completely lost. Furthermore, just one person, the driver, should indicate the course that the car is about to take, because he is the only one who knows with complete certainty just what he is going to do.

It seems almost impossible that there should be any doubt as to the proper signals to use in indicating the various movements of a car in traffic. The generally used system of hand wigwagging has come into being because it comes naturally to most drivers. It has been evolved and not invented, in other words.

Intention of making a left turn is usually indicated by the driver extending his hand, the left of course, with the index finger pointing in the direction he is about to take. Nothing could be more naural than this gesture and any moron who could miss its significance should have his driving license revoked instantly.

In signaling for a right turn, the ordinary method is to extend the hand out from the car, making a circular motion. This amounts to a call to the driver behind to come on, on the left, informing him that the car ahead is about to make a turn to the right.

Both hese signals are obvious, yet any day on a fair road, where cars pass and repass, you can find some oaf, thrusting out his flabby hand, without the finger extended yet apparently about to swing left and then have him turn right across your bow without the slightest compunction

Motor car traffic in these United States has reached a condition, where seemingly minor matters of motoring deportment have become of real importance. With moving cars massed as they are on any main thoroughfare during the active motring seasons, a very slight failure in cauion may cause a serious accident.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES
AND MOULDINGS
HOUSE PHONE [illegible] OFFICE PHONE
165 70

Air Notes.

Vancouver, B.C., will form a branch of the Canadian Air League.

A proposal of an air line from Halifax to New York is announced by Capt. Gibson of the Canadian Air Force as one of the progressive features of Halifax's development program.

Sir Philip Sasson, Under Secretary for Air in the British Government, reports that the first of the two huge 5,000,000 cubic feet dirigibles being built in England for inter-Imperial commercial communication will be completed in about two years and that the maiden trip will likely be to Canada.

Mars.

Mars rotates on its axis in 24 hours, 37 minutes, 22 seconds, so that its day is only slightly longer than that of the earth.

The Unknown Land.

Even to-day there is one part of the world which is unknown — even to explorers. It is the Alaskan coast. So says Dr. T. A. Jagger, a prominent earthquake student.

He will be one of a party of leading seismologists from the Hawaiian Volcano Observatory who will explore forty-five active volcanoes in the Aleutian Islands, with special reference to the distribution of earthquakes and the extent of volcanic influenec on them.

Dr. Jagger says: "Most of the present maps of the Aleutians and of Alaska towards the Bering Sea are based on old Russian charts. There are 160 bays west of Unimak on the Pacific side which have never been surveyed."

Pipe-Smoking Machine.

A machine that can smoke three dozen pipes at once now saves the smoker the distasteful job of "breaking in" a new briar or meerschaum. Equipped with mechanical mouth and lungs, it "ages" a pipe in a way that would ordinarily require weeks of steady use.

Uruguay's National Anthem has seventy verses.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

Lois Wilson and Sam Hardy are co-featured in "BROADWAY NIGHTS," a romantic musical comedy, produced by Robert Kane

And Charlie Chaplin in a funny comedy, "THE FIREMAN."

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Del Andrews, the noted director of Westerns and the Gump comedies, supervised in the making of "THE YELLOW BACK," the Blue Streak Western, with Fred Humes in the starring role.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

George Fawcett, veteran character actor, plays the role of the irate father of the eloping heroine in "THERE YOU ARE," Metro Goldwyn-Mayer comedy drama.

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

"And when he (the prodigal son) came to himself, he said, 'How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger; I will arise and go to my father and will say unto him, Father I have sinned against heaven and before thee and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.' And he arose and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him. And the son said unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth the best robe and put it on him............and let us eat and be merry, for this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found. And they began to be merry." Luke 15: 17-24; "Likewise I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," Luke 15:10.

A BIBLE LOVER.

STOMACH GAS DRIVES MAN FROM BED

"I had gas so bad I had to get up nights on account of the pressure on my heart. I used Adlerika and have been entirely relieved."—R. F. Krueger.

Even the FIRST spoonful of Adlerika relieves gas and often removes astonishing amount of old waste matter from the system. Makes you enjoy your meals and sleep better. No matter what you have tried for your stomach and bowels, Adlerika will surprise you. Wallace's Drug Store.

You are invited to

The FIRST SHOWING OF THE NEW CAR

IN OUR SHOWROOMS ON

Wednesday and
Thursday - - - December 14-15

The New Car will fulfill the promise of a singular achievement in light car manufacture.

C. A. Anderson & Son
Napanee, Ont.

Ford
The Real Canadian Car

23 YEARS OF PUBLIC PREFERENCE

Five Fridays

(Continued from page 3)

off his hands and grasped the crank. He turned it once easily, and, "zing," the motor got down to business like a clock!

Lucile hastily scrambled out of the boat.

"Let her go!" Bopp yelled, taking hold of the wheel in a pose a good deal like a viking save for the grease on his trousers. (Did vikings wear trousers? My memory is at fault.)

I threw the line on board with a feeling of envy for one who was speeding to a square meal.

"Keep to starboard!" Lucile yelled. "Keep to starboard! There's shallow water on the port side!"

Bopp spun the wheel, and the launch turned abruptly to the left.

"The other way!" screamed Lucile. "Starboard is on your right side!"

She was too late. The boat stopped suddenly. Bopp hastily took an impression of the steering wheel on the pit of his stomach.

I yelled to Bopp, "Do you want any help?"

"No," he replied, bowing to me unintentionally from pain, holding one hand on his belt line where the wheel had struck him.

To Lucile I explained in as loud a tone of voice as I could command: "It is a curious thing about many deep water sailors that they cannot tell their left and right hands apart. Say 'port' or 'starboard' to them and they get you at once."

CHAPTER III.

Marooned.

BOPP managed to make the engine run again and started to back off from the bar when the propeller wheel struck something, and proceedings ended.

That was the absolute finish of the performance for that day. He could not turn the engine over again, even by hand, and an investigation disclosed that the shaft was hopelessly tangled in some heavy wire which the propeller had picked up out of the sand. Bopp discovered this by sticking his head under water over the side of the boat.

"You might as well come ashore," said Lucile. "We'll have to get a mechanic."

So Bopp came ashore by wading in rather chilly water up to his waist. Considerable of the bloom was rubbed from his usual natty appearance when he clambered on the dock, besmudged and dripping.

"Welcome to the Fasters' club!" I greeted him. "I would baptize thee as a brother in the Aqua Pura fraternity, but I see there is no need. We'll go up to the house and give you a nice drink of water to warm you up after your chill."

"Where's the telephone?" demanded Bopp.

"What's the matter?" asked Lucile.

"I am going to telephone to town to have a boat come over to take me to breakfast."

"In the meantime," I requested, "would you mind moving over here a moment and dripping on these flowers, which need water?"

Lucile took him to the telephone. I followed at a leisurely pace, and by the time I got to the house I found Bopp whirling the telephone lever exasperatedly. It was one of those country telephones where you have to grind a little business on the side of the box until central hears you swearing at the transmitter. The operator seemed more oblivious than usual, and Bopp remarked "Hello!" in every possible tone of voice from wheedling to a threat.

"I wonder," Lucile murmured vaguely, "if maybe it wasn't the telephone cable which you dug up with the propeller of the launch."

"What's that?" Bopp demanded.

"I said, 'It must have been the telephone cable you got mixed up in when you ran the launch aground.' That's why it won't work."

He hurled the receiver into the hook.

"Don't be cross," she said soothingly. "Think pleasant things. You've got to stay. Make the best of it."

"Think pleasant things! I do! I think of ham and eggs. Can you suggest something pleasanter? How far is it to the mainland?"

"Two miles."

"And I can only swim a mile and a half."

"Why don't you start anyway?" I said.

"Hush!" warned Lucile; then, turning to Bopp, who was headed for the door, "Where are you going?"

"Out in the woods to eat the leaves off the trees." He slammed the door. After he had gone a blessed calm reigned for a few minutes. All at once Lucile started.

"Suppose he should eat some poison ivy!" she exclaimed. "He's a city bred man, and I don't suppose he knows what it looks like. Don't you think you had better go and show him where it is?"

"Sure; I'll be glad to go. I'll not only show him where it is—I'll feed it to him."

"No; I'll go," she said. "You two might quarrel."

Right there I made my mistake. I let her go after him. So she spent the day with him instead of with me.

While roaming about the empty rooms I heard a whine and, looking for its source, found Tootles in the kitchen trying to reach the shelf where the dog biscuit were kept. In the excitement Lucile had forgotten to feed her. With melancholy pleasure in sparing some living creature the pangs I felt myself I got down the box of biscuit and gave the dog one.

There were twelve of the little cakes left in the box. The dog seemed very fond of them. One would not be missed. I hope I never have to go through such temptation again. I weighed a biscuit in my hand, I sniffed its fragrance, and then—I put it aside. I would stick to my promise. But the memory of that biscuit haunted me the rest of the morning. Every time I thought of it I had to cut a new hole in my belt. I went back to the shelf a hundred times and looked longingly at the box, but always tore myself away with a sigh.

Some time during the late afternoon Mrs. Green dressed and came downstairs. She said she was feeling better, but she was pale and seemed a trifle unsteady on her pins.

Clouds began to obscure the sky about sundown, and Mrs. Green fretted a good deal because Lucile was away from home. In order to ease her mind I volunteered to find the couple and take them raincoats and umbrellas. Just as I opened the door there was a deafening roar of wind, which whipped the branches of the trees in sudden fury. The sky appeared to split in the middle with a blinding light and a ripping crash of thunder. The lightning had obviously struck somewhere in the vicinity. The crash of thunder outside was echoed by a thud inside. I looked around. Mrs. Green was lying on the floor. She had fainted.

"Tell me what to do with a lady who has fainted."

I dropped the bundle of raincoats and ran to her assistance. First I held her head on my lap, but couldn't seem to get any farther toward reviving her. Somewhere I had read directions for reviving fainting ladies. One of the first things recommended was to loosen the corset, but this seemed to be an unpardonable liberty to take with a lady I had only met a few times. Besides, I didn't know how to locate a corset and wouldn't have been able to loosen it if I had found it. It would be a godsend if some one would get out a book on "How to Revive Fainting Ladies, Although a Bachelor."

I looked up to find a strange man in the room. He was clad in overalls and carried a satchel.

"Are you married?" I demanded.

"I don't know why it's any of your business," he responded, "but I am. Further than that, I'm an Elk and belong to the union."

"If you're married tell me what to do with a lady who has fainted."

"Give her some of this."

He produced a flask from his pocket and poured a large portion of its contents down Mrs. Green's throat.

"The dame will be all right in a minute. I always carry this just on purpose for ladies when they pull a fadeaway." He sampled the "lady reviver" himself reflectively and returned the flask to his pocket. "I'm the telephone repair man. What ye been doing to the wires over here? They been trying to get you from the main office all day."

I told him where the trouble lay, and he departed in the rain to patch it up.

Shortly afterward Mrs. Green opened one eye. She looked at me for a moment and then smiled.

"Hol' your head steady a minute," she requested gravely. "Wanna see who y'are."

"I'm Mr. Blainey!" I explained. "Everything is all right."

"Course it's a' right. But I don't think I'll get up till the boat stops rockin'."

"You're not in a boat, Mrs. Green. This is your own home."

"It's a boat, I tell you. I guess I know when I'm seasick. Besides, at home ain't got so many pictures of purple sunsets."

"But there aren't any pictures of purple sunsets here," I protested.

"You're mistaken, my fren', there's two of 'em over there." She pointed limply in the arc of a circle which took in the entire opposite side of the room. "I'll show you. Hol' this board steady while I step on it."

She gravely made an effort to rise, but, failing in that, fell back limply into my arms.

"It's no use. Ship rocks so I can't stan' up. Have to roll over there."

I tried to prevent her, but it was useless. She insisted on rolling on the floor. She was engaged in that pleasant pastime when her daughter and Mr. Bopp entered, dripping from the rainstorm.

I tried to pick Mrs. Green up.

With a cry of alarm Lucile rushed to her mother's side, then started back, sniffing the air.

"Mr. Blainey," she cried in horror stricken tones, "you've been drinking!"

"Don' scol' my lil' fr'en'," Mrs. Green protested, patting my arm. "He's mos' beautiful fr'en' I got."

A light of understanding began to dawn in Lucile's eye.

"She fainted," I explained, "and a man who was here to repair the telephone gave it to her to revive her. It was too much on an empty stomach."

"Is the telephone fixed?" demanded Bopp, springing up. "Maybe I can get a launch to come for me yet."

The look which Lucile gave him warmed my heart and made up to me for the hours I had spent alone that day. He sank back into his chair.

"Will you call up Dr. Stone, Montmorency," she requested sweetly, "and ask him to come over to see mother?"

"Surely," I replied. I soon had the doctor on the wire. I told him that we wanted him to come over.

"I don't believe that it is possible," came the answer over the wire.

"Not possible?" I echoed. "Why not?"

"Haven't you seen the sea that is running? It wouldn't be safe for any kind of a boat to land at Green's island the way it is blowing now. You know the shore is very rocky there, and if you miss the entrance to the cove you'd be dashed to pieces sure."

I told that to Lucile.

"Ask him what we should do for mother ourselves," she instructed. "Tell him she has some fever and seems very weak."

I told the doctor what she had said and asked what we could do for the old lady until the sea quieted down enough so that he could come over. He told me, and I hung up the receiver.

"Well," Lucile interrogated, "what did he say?"

"He said"—I repeated it carefully—"he said: 'Tell her to give her digestive apparatus a rest. Don't eat anything for twenty-four hours, and drink plenty of water.'"

Bopp laughed derisively.

The elder lady showed signs of interest. "Thass what I want—water," she declared, "plenty o' water. Blainey, beautiful fr'en', gimme some water. Have some yourself."

I gave her a glass of water, which she drank with enviable relish.

"Bes' water I ever tasted," said Mrs. Green, attempting to put some in her eye under the mistaken impression that it was her mouth. "Blainey, be like me. Never drink anything stronger than this water an' you'll always be blithe an' gay, jus' like me."

"You are going up to bed," Lucile said reprovingly.

"Go to bed? I don' wanna go to bed, I'm gonna put on my red dress."

Mother and daughter started up the stairs. On the landing Mrs. Green turned.

"Goo'by, beaut'ful Blainey. Most beaut'ful man I ever met. Goo'by."

After she had been dragged around a bend of the stairway by her scandalized daughter there drifted down to the living room a grumbled fragment of indignant protest: "Well, he is beaut'ful. He's more beaut'ful than th' Methodis' minister, an' you know it."

CHAPTER IV.

The Raid on the Kitchen.

WHEN we were left alone together I could tell by the scowl on Bopp's face that he had fallen heir to the headache I had possessed the day before.

"Cheer up, Bopp," I admonished, more to make conversation than anything else. "I am just as hungry as you are."

"No one has ever been as hungry as I am," he declared.

"Probably I am more hungry than you are," I insisted. "I have more room to be hungry in."

Tootles came romping in.

"Poor pup!" commiserated Bopp. "I suppose she is starved too."

"No; that isn't the reason she's barking. She has been fed."

"Fed? What?"

"Dog biscuit."

"Where are they?"

"In the kitchen," I replied unthinkingly. "From the way she is behaving there must be some one outside."

It was almost dark. I went to the door and peered out. There was a man coming up the path.

"Who is it?" Bopp demanded.

"I can't make out."

"Maybe it's a man off the supply boat."

"Impossible," I explained. "The supply boat isn't due until tomorrow, and even if she were here they couldn't land from her in this storm."

The telephone repair man appeared.

"I guess I got to stay here all night," he announced. "The storm is getting so bad I don't dare try to row back to town. I don't care much for water unless it's mixed with something else."

Lucile came downstairs. I explained the situation to her. "Of course you can stay all night, but it will be impossible to give you anything to eat," she said.

"Why not?" he asked. "I don't expect to go to the trough with the family. I'll feed with the help in the kitchen without a murmur. As far as that goes, though, I'm a union man and as good as anybody."

"Certainly," agreed Lucile. "You are welcome to anything we have, but we have nothing. We are all fasting. We decided not to eat anything for a week."

"Bugs," he decided briefly; then, turning to Bopp and myself: "Gents, put me right. Do I or do I not coal at this station?"

"The lady has told you correctly," I assured him. "There is no food in the house."

"And you're doing it, too?" He laughed sarcastically. "When I come here the old lady was pulling a Brodie on the floor, and now the fat guy ain't eating anything. A bunch of dips all right."

"You had better go upstairs and change your clothes," said Lucile.

"What will I change 'em into—a nickel plated wash boiler or a pair of diamond earrings?"

"I mean put on some dry things. Frank, you and he are about the same size. You'll lend him a suit of yours, won't you?"

Sure he would. He had to.

When they were at the top of the stairs Bopp yelled down, "Monty, Mrs. Green wants you to come up!"

I started, but Lucile stopped me.

"Ask her what she wants."

In a minute Bopp had the answer.

"She says she isn't going to sleep until she sees her beautiful friend Monty. If he doesn't come up she'll come down."

Lucile, blushing, went up to explain to her mother that her request was impossible. From behind the closed door of Mrs. Green's room there issued sounds of an argument supplemented by weeping.

Eventually Lucile came to the top of the stairs and called, "Monty!"

How different that name sounded when she used it! I bounded up the stairs. When I say "bounded" I mean it. It was the first time that I had done anything like that in years.

Lucile stood leaning over the banister, perplexed and troubled, her face flushed and her hair becomingly disarranged, as if she had been engaged in a physical contest of some sort. I stopped on the stairs below her.

> "The blessed damozel leaned out
> From the gold bar of heaven."

I quoted.

"Don't be silly," she said in a tone of voice that told me she liked it. "I have to ask you a dreadfully embarrassing question."

"All right," I commanded. "Shoot."

"Would you mind very much kissing a lady who is not as young as she was once?"

"Would I mind?" I said, taking her hands. "I've been thinking of nothing else for two years."

"I meant," disengaging her hands gently, "would you mind kissing mother good night? She is acting very peculiarly this evening, as you know, and she says she won't go to sleep until you kiss her."

I was touched at the old lady's fondness for me. We went in. She was lying tucked up in bed, with a nightcap tied firmly under her chin.

"Lucile made me come to bed," Mrs. Green volunteered, her bright eyes snapping with wakefulness. "It's all nonsense. Don' wanna be in bed. I wanna get up and go somewhere with you and eat."

"There, there," said Lucile, "the doctor says not to eat anything."

"Yes," snapped her mother, "and I'll bet he had just had his dinner when he said it. I know a place to eat over in town, beautiful Blainey—lots of fine steaks, chops and roas' beef. Guess I'll get up."

She started to throw back the covers, but Lucile forcibly restrained her.

"You said you would go to sleep if I brought Mr. Blainey in to see you," she said.

The old lady eyed me with evident suspicion. "Is he going to kiss me good night?" she demanded.

I assured her that I was there for no other purpose.

"A' right," she sighed; "then I'll go to sleep."

And she did, or at least we didn't hear another sound from her that evening.

When we left the room and closed the door softly Lucile put her hand on my arm and said: "Thanks, Monty. It was awfully silly, but I didn't know how else to quiet her. You won't think anything of it, will you?"

"Of course not. It's all in the family anyhow, or if it isn't I wish it were," I hazarded, emboldened by the pressure on my arm. For the moment I could not have been any happier if I had been fed.

After awhile the telephone man came downstairs in a suit of Bopp's clothes—light flannel trousers, outing shoes, fancy shirt, soft collar, tie and blue serge coat. The togs fitted him remarkably well, and except for a vernacular line of conversation the man did not seem ill suited to the clothes. At any rate, I liked him better than I did Bopp.

"Is he going to kiss me good night?" she demanded.

What to do with him seemed to be puzzling Lucile. It didn't seem right to ask him to go out in the kitchen and drink water all by himself, and there was no other place to put him unless he stayed in the living room with us. Before she could decide one way or the other he seated himself comfortably and proceeded to entertain us with considerable conversation about himself.

"I ain't a Rube," he volunteered. "I've been near enough Fifth avenue to know good clothes when I see 'em, and I have to admit that Mr. Bopp is a swell dresser. I only work here in the summer time. In the winter I stick around within sight of the statue of Liberty. I'm a wire tapper."

"A wire tapper?" repeated Bopp. "Isn't a wire tapper a sort of crook?"

"Not compared to a burglar. Wire tapping is just high finance."

His name, it appeared, was Harold Kent. He was married, was a Socialist in feeling if not in theory, had been a jockey, a tout, a telegraph operator, and hoped to learn to fly an aeroplane. Otherwise his was an uneventful history.

All the time I was listening my mind was occupied with trying to account for the thrill which had jolted me when I had taken Lucile's hands in mine at the top of the staircase. I decided to put my fortunes to the test. I would sit up until Bopp went to bed and then ask her to marry me.

Kent, the telephone man, retired first.

"I think I'll sit up awhile," I said, stealing a look at Lucile and hoping that she would comprehend my intention.

"If you're going to sit up I'll stick," said Bopp, with Machiavellian cordiality. "I'll split a gallon of water with you."

There we sat, and we drank glass after glass of water until 11 o'clock. Then Lucile decided to retire and spoiled the whole game.

"I guess I'll turn in now, too," I suggested tentatively, hoping at least that I would get a chance to speak to her on the stairs.

But, no. Bopp developed a sudden fondness for my society and accompanied me to my room and sat on my bed for awhile talking about affairs theatrical, assuming that I was interested in them, which I was not.

When he finally departed the house was dark and the wind of the storm made unearthly noises around the eaves. I was more tired than I remembered to have been for years, but not sleepy. I don't know whether it

(Continued on page 6)

MESOPOTAMIA.

Freed From Turkish Rule During the Great War.

Iraq, or Mesopotamia, "the land between the rivers," meaning between the Euphrates and the Tigris rivers, extend on the north and northeast from Kurdistan to the Persian Gulf on the south, and from Persia on the east to Syria and the Arabian deserts on the west. The area is about 150,000 square miles, which is about three-fifths the area of the Canadian province of Alberta. The population is 2,850,000, which is four times the population of Alberta, and almost equal to the population of Ontario.

This territory was freed from the blight of Turkish rule during the Great War by Anglo-Indian and British Dominion troops. Under the treaty of peace with the Allies, signed in 1920, Turkey renounced the sovereignty over Mesopotamia, and its future administration was entrusted to Great Britain by the Supreme Council of the Allies. A provisional Arab Government was set-up by the British High Commissioner in November, 1920, and in August, 1921, Emir Feisal, son of the King of the Headjaz, which comprises the greater part of Arabia, was elected King of Iraq. He was enthroned on August 23, 1921.

By the treaty between Great Britain and Iraq of October 10, 1922, the former undertook to exercise its good offices to secure the admission of Iraq to the League of Nations, and as soon as that admission has been accomplished all the responsibility of Great Britain as the mandatory power will be terminated.

In ancient times Mesopotamia was the seal of the great empires of Assyria and Babalonia when it contained a large population possessing much national wealth.

The country is capable of supporting a population many times in excess of its present inhabitants, if irrigation is developed and extended. Since the British occupation notable improvements have been effected, and very extensive development works are now being constructed. The soil is rich, and it only needs water to yield abundantly. The chief crops are wheat, barley and beans, rice, peas and Indian corn.

The chief city and the political capital is ancient Baghdad, with a population of 170,000. It was the seat of power of the Caliphs, one of whom was Haroun al Rashid of "The Arabian Nights."

THE FROG FARM.

If You've Never Tasted Frog's Legs, You've Missed a Real Tit-Bit.

Do you want to be one of the pioneers of a new industry in this country? Well, here's your chance—frog farming!

True, frogs aren't appreciated over here as much as they might be, but their legs are in great demand in France, the United States, and Japan. Quite possibly they'll soon be all the rage in Britain.

It might be thought that the frog industry dies down in winter, which is the hibernating season. But it doesn't. The frog farmer carries on, and even frog-hunting is still in progress, though methods are rather different. Instead of trapping the frogs, the frog-catcher digs them out of the mud. This requires some knowledge of frog habits, but if you have that knowledge, or know anyone else who has, there is no reason why you shouldn't, if you want to, start stocking a frog farm now.

But you must make sure you get hold of the edible frog. He is usually larger than his cousin, the common frog, and of a more mottled appearance. You will notice a distinct fold along each side of the body and, in the case of males, a prominent round sac on either side of the head.

For a frog farm you require a marsh or shallow pond. Aquatic plants and plenty of shade are necessities. In feeding remember that frogs will only eat something that is alive.

But perhaps you'd better start by catching your frogs and see if you can sell them. You'll probably be able to make a market if you get people to sample their legs. They're one of the world's greatest delicacies.

Plants That Eat Stone.

It is difficult enough to imagine how animals like moles succeed in burrowing their way through hard-packed earth under the sod, but it seems even more incredible that living creatures can burrow through solid stone.

This is so, however, and the creatures that do it are not sturdy animals, but minute living plants, so small that they cannot be seen without a microscope.

These amazing tunnel-makers belong to the tribe of Algæ, like those that form the green scum on stagnant water. They possess the extraordinary power of dissolving the rock on which they grow, provided the rocks contain lime. Billions of them growing along the seashore, are known to have eaten away huge limestone cliffs.

Reclaiming the Zuyder Zee.

A tenth is to be added to the cultivated area of Holland by reclaiming the Zuyder Zee for agricultural purposes.

Forty-five million pounds will probably be spent in reclaiming this land and enclosing part of it, but to balance this amount the capital value of the land reclaimed will be over forty million pounds, with a resulting benefit to shipping and agriculture of about ten million pounds.

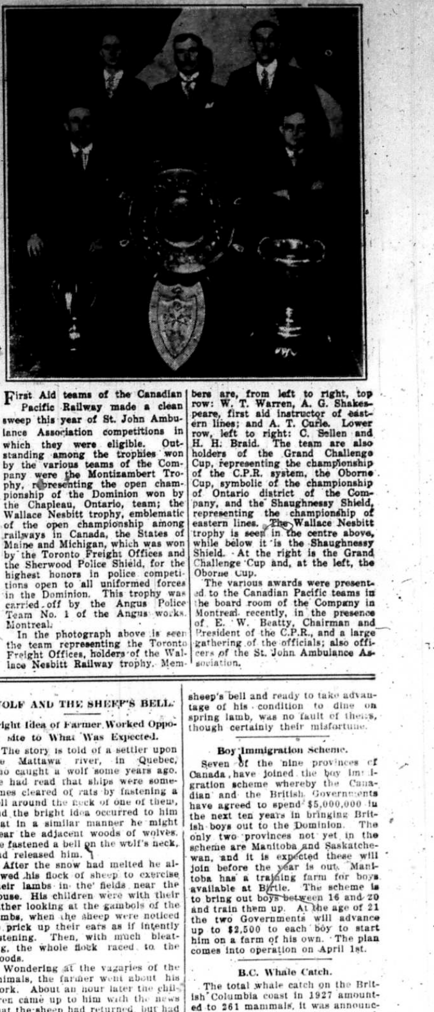
A Garden Hustle.

With intense artificial light that rivalled sunshine, a French biologist has succeeded in growing three generations of beets in a single year. The powerful illumination caused the plants to go to seed more rapidly, and the seed to germinate in far less time than usual.

Movement Is Westward.

French-Canadian factory workers in the New England states have begun a return migration to Canada which has grown to such proportions that the Government agent at Woonsocket, R.I., is making a trip to Western Canada to gain first-hand information about business conditions and opportunities available there. He states that at the present time there are about 1,500,000 French-Canadians in the New England states and that while many are returning to their old parishes in Quebec there is a pronounced movement to Western Canada.

Railway First Aid Champions



First Aid teams of the Canadian Pacific Railway made a clean sweep this year of St. John Ambulance Association competitions in which they were eligible. Outstanding among the trophies won by the various teams of the Company were the Montizambert Trophy, representing the open championship of the Dominion won by the Chapleau, Ontario, team; the Wallace Nesbitt trophy, emblematic of the open championship among railways in Canada, the States of Maine and Michigan, which was won by the Toronto Freight Offices and the Sherwood Police Shield, for the highest honors in police competitions open to all uniformed forces in the Dominion. This trophy was carried off by the Angus Police Team No. 1 of the Angus works. Montreal.

In the photograph above is seen the team representing the Toronto Freight Offices, holders of the Wallace Nesbitt Railway trophy. Members of the team are, from left to right, top row: W. T. Warren, A. G. Shakespeare, first aid instructor of eastern lines; and A. T. Curle. Lower row, left to right: C. Seilen and H. H. Braid. The team are also holders of the Grand Challenge Cup, representing the championship of the C.P.R. system, the Oborne Cup, symbolic of the championship of Ontario district of the Company, and the Shaughnessy Shield, representing the championship of eastern lines. The Wallace Nesbitt trophy is seen in the centre above, while below it is the Shaughnessy Shield. At the right is the Grand Challenge Cup and, at the left, the Oborne Cup.

The various awards were presented to the Canadian Pacific teams in the board room of the Company in Montreal recently, in the presence of E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President of the C.P.R., and a large gathering of the officials; also officers of the St. John Ambulance Association.

WOLF AND THE SHEEP'S BELL.

Bright Idea of Farmer Worked Opposite to What Was Expected.

The story is told of a settler upon the Mattawa river, in Quebec, who caught a wolf some years ago. He had read that ships were sometimes cleared of rats by fastening a bell around the neck of one of them, and the bright idea occurred to him that in a similar manner he might clear the adjacent woods of wolves. He fastened a bell on the wolf's neck, and released him.

After the snow had melted he allowed his flock of sheep to exercise their lambs in the fields near the house. His children were with their father looking at the gambols of the lambs, when the sheep were noticed to prick up their ears as if intently listening. Then, with much bleating, the whole flock raced to the woods.

Wondering at the vagaries of the animals, the farmer went about his work. About an hour later the children came up to him with the news that the sheep had returned, but had left one of the lambs behind them.

The next day the same thing occurred again, and another lamb disappeared. The children tried to keep the sheep in the fields, but, failing, followed them into the bush. They reported that they had distinctly heard a bell tinkling in the distance.

Then it began to dawn on the farmer that the bell which had been fastened on the neck of his gray wolf visitor was the same which was borne by the father of the flock in the previous summer. The quick-eared sheep had recognized the sound of the bell, and, true to their instinct, had hastened to join their last year's companion. That they found not exactly a wolf in sheep's clothing, but a wolf attached to a sheep's bell and ready to take advantage of his condition to dine on spring lamb, was no fault of theirs, though certainly their misfortune.

Boy Immigration Scheme.

Seven of the nine provinces of Canada have joined the boy immigration scheme whereby the Canadian and the British Governments have agreed to spend $5,000,000 in the next ten years in bringing British boys out to the Dominion. The only two provinces not yet in the scheme are Manitoba and Saskatchewan, and it is expected these will join before the year is out. Manitoba has a training farm for boys available at Birtle. The scheme is to bring out boys between 16 and 20 and train them up. At the age of 21 the two Governments will advance up to $2,500 to each boy to start him on a farm of his own. The plan comes into operation on April 1st.

B.C. Whale Catch.

The total whale catch on the British Columbia coast in 1927 amounted to 261 mammals, it was announced by Captain George Lemarquand, following the return of the last of the Consolidated Whaling Corporation's fleet from the hunting grounds off Queen Charlotte Islands. In 1926 269 whales were taken.

Saskatchewan Honey.

The honey industry in Saskatchewan has grown from six colonies in 1918 to 3,000 in 1926, according to provincial figures. The production of honey has risen from 1,100 pounds to 170,000 pounds and the value from $230 to $38,000.

The Dominion Department of Health has appointed twenty physicians as inspectors of immigrants in European cities.

Did You Ever Stop to Think

——Just what a ten dollar bill which a farmer spends in his home town may accomplish ? Let us follow it around. Probably the dry goods merchant gets it first. He passes it on to the hardware merchant in payment of an account. The hardware merchant pays it in wages to one of his employees. This employee pays it to his landlady, who pays a grocery bill with it. The grocer can then pay his butcher. The butcher passes this on to his produce merchant, and this produce merchant, buying largely from the farmer, passes this ten dollars back to the farmer, from whom it originally came. Thus it has, in its ramblings among the home town people served many useful purposes and yet it is still in the community to again serve.

If Sent Away to Distant Merchants

——That ten dollar bill is gone for good. It may serve to build up the large city elsewhere. But so far as the home community is concerned its usefulness is at an end, and the community has been drained of just that much working capital.

When in Need of Printing

——Remember that orders left with your home town printer will serve to pay wages of workmen who in turn spend this money with local business houses, thus serving to maintain that round of business which is necessary in order that rural towns throughout Canada may flourish and prosper.

The Napanee Express
Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

Five Fridays

(Continued from page 5)

was actual hunger or merely the idea that I had not eaten anything for forty-eight hours which haunted me. At any rate, every time that I closed my eyes I'd have a vision of those dog biscuits. I might just as well have pictured a chocolate cake or a doughnut to myself; but, no—it was a dog biscuit.

After an hour or so of that kind of torture I at last decided to satisfy my fool imagination by showing it a dog biscuit in the life and proving that it was not desirable at all. That was the only reason that I went downstairs.

It was rather ticklish business roaming around a strange house wearing no other padding than a suit of pajamas. I banged my shins unmercifully against several hundred pieces of furniture, but I toned my remarks thereat to a pitch below the howling of the storm. An occasional flash of lightning helped me momentarily from time to time, but left me floundering in the intervals.

Finally in the kitchen, I groped my way to the shelf, and the box of dog biscuit was in my hands. Furtively I took one out, fondled it and sniffed it. Being alone there with that unprotected dog biscuit was too much for my moral courage. I decided to throw honor to the winds. There was so much wind and so little honor that no one would notice it.

I set my teeth in the dog biscuit!

Suddenly there was a sound on the stairway. I listened intently—the creaking of a stair!

Who could it be? Possibly it was Kent, the ex-wire tapper. His early training might have proved too much for him and he had decided to loot the place and make his escape. I made up my mind to behave valiantly and grasped a dog biscuit firmly in one hand, determined to sell my life as dearly as was consistent with the high cost of living. The box containing the rest of the biscuit I put back on the shelf and crouched behind the stove, ready to spring at the intruder unawares as soon as he entered.

I had one of those flashes of insane bravery which is nine-tenths fear when I saw the light of a pocket lantern straggling along the wall at the foot of the stairs. I jumped four feet straight up in the air when something wet touched the sole of my bare foot which was extended behind me as I knelt behind the stove. My exclamation was drowned in a crash of thunder. Burglar or no burglar, I was about to run to him for protection from that clammy thing which had touched me when a second flash of lightning showed me—oh, horrors! It was Tootles frisking around my feet.

CHAPTER V.

A Mystery.

I CROUCHED behind the stove again in time to see a dim figure enter the kitchen. The lightning revealed Lucile in a dressing gown with her hair over her shoulders. In the single flash of light she appeared to be the most beautiful thing that I had ever seen.

She turned the flashlight on the wall and finally rested its ray on the box of dog biscuit! She went over to it, picked up one of the biscuit, pressed it to her cheek and was about to bite it when she hastily dropped it back into the box, put out the light and stood perfectly still, listening.

There was another sound on the stairs!

When I looked to see what Lucile was doing she had disappeared. Probably she, too, was hiding somewhere near, I reasoned.

This time there was less delay. Whoever was coming downstairs was carelessly assured and was scratching matches on the wall as he went along to guide his progress. He entered the kitchen. It was Bopp, clad in the sort of pajamas I thought he wore. He was laughing to himself as he came in and went straight to the box of biscuit. He took one out of the box.

And he ate it!

Before that I may have disliked the man, but now— A smile of enjoyment spread over his features, plainly discernible when the lightning flashed. Evidently the dog biscuit were delicious. At last he finished and started to leave. I was about to breathe a sigh of relief when I happened to glance toward the shelf where the biscuit were kept.

The box was gone. The fiend was taking them with him. Without a thought for poor Tootles, who would doubtless starve to death, he was going to eat all her food.

With one bound I was upon him. The thought of that poor dog steeled my heart. I grabbed him by the throat,

We Swayed Back and Forth In a Rough and Tumble Fox Trot.

and we swayed back and forth in a rough and tumble fox trot movement to the tune of the rolling thunder. Bopp did not know as I did that Lucile was watching somewhere there in the darkness, and on that account he was able to use more forcible language than I, but I had superior weight, and I was slowly bearing him back when all at once he dropped the box of dog biscuit and with his free hand landed a wallop in my stomach. It would have been a foul under any circumstances, but with my inner workings resembling those of a vacuum cleaner it was positively inhuman.

Maddened by that blow, I growled between my clinched teeth, "If you hit me below the belt again I'll tear your pajamas!"

He growled back, "Let 'er rip," and swung on me twice more in the same place.

With mad fury I picked him up and hurled him from me. There was a terrific crash of glass, and then, save for the disturbance outside, all was still.

I lit the light—acetylene gas.

The wreckage of that kitchen was beyond the descriptive powers of a mere dramatic critic. Bopp lay sprawled on the kitchen floor near the table where he had struck when I threw him. The table itself had overturned on to the week's supply of water in glass bottles and had apparently broken most of them. Lucile was standing, pale and disheveled, but still beautiful, in the doorway of the pantry where she had been hiding.

After an interval Bopp laboriously picked himself up and waded toward the stairway through the torrent of distilled water which was streaming across the floor.

"There's your dog biscuit," he sneered, pointing to Tootles, who had discovered the box and was gulping down the contents as fast as she could. "Fasting for a week! Ha-ha!"

Then he disappeared upstairs.

I turned to Lucile She had dropped into a chair and had buried her face in her hands. She was crying.

"What's the matter, Lucile?" I asked tenderly.

"I don't know," she sobbed; "just nerves, I guess."

"You ought not to be about at this time of night," I said sternly.

"I know," she replied. "I just came down to—to feed Tootles."

I would have believed her if I had not seen the biscuit in her mouth. But what man would not forgive a small fib on the part of the woman he loves?

"Listen to me, Lucile, dear," I said authoritatively, taking her hand. "We are not going to fast any more. If your father were here he would call a halt. Here your mother is sick, you are hysterical, and hardly any of us is on speaking terms with the others. Besides, we have got to stop. Our water supply is gone."

Lucile looked up. "Then it won't really be our fault, will it?" she asked hopefully. "If we haven't pure water we can't go on fasting. Lipton S Clair says so."

"And that's the best thing he ever said, too," I agreed heartily.

So it was decided that the next day we'd have a new stock of groceries come on the supply boat and telephone the cook to come back. I think the prospect cheered us wonderfully. I know I felt better immediately, and I persuaded Lucile to go back to bed and get some rest before daylight.

She went in to see how her mother was before retiring. There was a cry from Mrs. Green's room, and I rushed in.

MRS. GREEN HAD DISAPPEARED!

You have guessed correctly that this is where the element of mystery enters the story. You doubtless wonder, as we did, if Kent, the wire tapper, had made away with Mrs. Green or if Bopp, balked of his dog biscuit, had become a villain of the deepest dye.

We did not come to any such conclusions at first, of course. That was after we had looked all over the house, up in the attic and down in the cellar. Then I went to Kent's room. He was snoring peacefully. I mistrusted that he might be shamming and poured a pitcher of water on him to see how he would react to the shock. I should say that his reactions were perfectly normal, albeit somewhat picturesquely abusive.

Next we haled Bopp from his room. He was inclined to be suspicious at first until we told him about Mrs. Green's disappearance; then he was all sympathy and joined our lightly clad searching party in the hallway.

Naturally, Lucile feared the worst, while the rest of us with masculine optimism discounted any danger which might befall the old lady.

"But she wasn't herself," wailed Lucile. "She's been acting funny all the evening."

"Never mind about her," comforted Kent. "A man with a jag can fall off the roof and never hurt himself a bit. A bit of a bun makes anybody lucky."

"Suppose she is out in all this rain?"

"A little water, more or less, won't make any difference to her after the last two days," I observed gloomily.

"Let's not stand here any longer," said Bopp in businesslike fashion. "It won't do much good to try to guess where she is. Let's begin a systematic hunt."

"Let's get on some regular clothes first," I suggested.

"All right," in chorus.

Lucile dressed faster than she ever had before or has since, and we men, with the usual celerity of the bifurcated sex, were ready as soon as she was.

As soon as we had assembled in the living room once more Bopp, by reason of his superior nerve, elected himself commander of the expedition.

"Monty," he directed, "you take Jesse James with you and explore the north half of the island. Lucile and I will search the southern portion. As soon as either party discovers Mrs. Green come back to the house and fire off this revolver." He laid a large caliber six shooter on the table.

I might have disputed his arrangement and calm appropriation of Lucile's society, but I judged that it would be a poor time to argue about anything so purely social. Besides, I figured out that the man who was with Lucile was going to have no cinch reassuring her that her mother had not met with some terrible taking off. So they went one way, and we departed the other, everybody sloshing internally and externally on account of the large amount of distilled water and rain.

"How are we going to hunt this skirt anyway?" demanded Kent after we

had trudged northward for a few moments.

"Just hunt," I replied vaguely, too busy with my thoughts to consider the question seriously.

"This ain't regular," objected Kent, slacking up his pace. "We ought to trail the old dame by her footprints. Did you notice any footprints around the house?"

"No. I didn't think to look."

"Well, let's go back and have a peek."

As that coincided with the methods of reasoning adopted by the detectives in the best sellers, I agreed, and we retraced our footsteps to the house.

"You seem to know a good deal about detective methods," I said, with mock admiration.

"Yeh," he responded seriously; "I ought to. I've been chased by some of the best detectives in New York." Then he added proudly, "I had Burns after me once."

"Under her window is the first place to look," said Kent, alive with interest now in the scheme. "Where did she sleep?"

I picked out the window of Mrs. Green's room, and we carefully searched the wet ground underneath by lighting matches.

"Isn't it more probable that she would come out by the door?" I suggested. "She could never climb from that second story window."

"Sure she could," he asserted. "See that rain pipe here? It goes alongside her window. A lady like her could shin up and down that like a mouse."

Someway the picture of my future mother-in-law (I hoped) frisking up and down a narrow water pipe was beyond my imagination.

"Look here!" exclaimed my companion, pointing to the ground in front of him. "Is that or is it not the print of a lady's shoe?"

I looked. There was certainly a footprint there, and it was small and narrow.

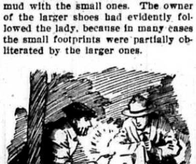
"It's fresh too. You can tell by the mud that it's been made since the heavy rain. Old footprints would have been washed out anyhow."

This was sure enough reasoning.

Kent started to walk in the direction that the footprints led, and I followed. All at once Kent stopped and lit several matches all in one place.

"I think I've solved the mystery," he said, bending over the mud. "But it looks bad for the doll. There's a guy following her. Look at these marks."

With a shudder I verified his statement. Larger footprints were in the mud with the small ones. The owner of the larger shoes had evidently followed the lady, because in many cases the small footprints were partially obliterated by the larger ones.



"Look! She dropped this."

Kent echoed my own thought. "Gee, I wish we had brought the gun with us."

"Let's hurry on before it's too late." I urged.

We pressed forward at a killing pace, only stopping once in awhile to assure ourselves that we were on the right track. At one place the ground was trampled over a considerable area.

"He caught up with her here," Kent interpreted. "They struggled. Look, she dropped this."

He picked up a handkerchief. By the light of a match I discovered that it was marked "G." There could be no doubt; we were on the right track.

"She got away from him, though," exulted Kent. "See here, just beyond her footsteps are ahead again."

CHAPTER VI.

More Mystery.

A QUICK spurt of flame ahead halted us in our search for Mrs. Green. We heard an indistinct murmur of voices, the sound of twigs being broken, then absolute silence.

"Sh!" Kent whispered. "As we are not armed, we must creep up as close as we can, then when the son of a gun pipes us off we can spring on him before he can wing us. Do you get me?"

I admitted that his plan was good.

"Then on your knees and be careful," he commanded. We crept through mud puddles without noticing them.

Then I heard the sound of a safety match being scratched unsuccessfully against a box. When it finally lighted what would be revealed?

A jagged circle of yellow light flickered a moment while I crouched ready to spring, then burned dimmer and went out. The silence was unbroken until the light disappeared, then Bopp's laugh rang out loud and clear followed a moment later by a hysterical giggle which I recognized as Lucile's.

While I scuttled away as hastily as possible in order to be out of range before he could light another match I heard him say in a childish falsetto "One—two—three for Monty!"

I did not hear what else he had to offer because I got out of earshot as soon as possible. A few hundred yards on the trail back to the house Kent joined me. We proceeded Indian fashion silently for awhile.

Finally he ruminated: "It's sure queer how I forgot about her and him being on the island. If it hadn't been for them we was doing fine. I suppose we'll have to go back to the house and begin all over again."

"No more footprints," I insisted hastily. "We'll just hunt as plain amateur hunters and cut out the detective stuff."

Kent was visibly crestfallen.

Suddenly the muffled report of a gun reached our ears.

"They've found her," said Kent without enthusiasm. "Let's go back."

I hesitated. I hated to face Lucile after the ridiculous scene of a short time before. Finally I assented. When we reached the house no one was in sight.

"Probably upstairs putting the old dame to bed," Kent said.

I went up, rapped on Mrs. Green's door and entered. There was no sign of her. Puzzled, I went downstairs.

"Nobody there," I announced to Kent.

Just at that moment there was a sound outside, and I looked out to see Lucile and Bopp arriving.

"Well," sighed Lucile, "where's mother?"

"Where did you put her?" I countered.

"I?" exclaimed Lucile. "I haven't seen her."

"Haven't seen her?" Kent interjected. "Then who fired the revolver?"

"Didn't you?" interposed Bopp.

"No."

"Who did, then?" with sudden apprehension.

Kent picked up the gun from the table and broke it. Six loaded cartridges dropped out.

"This cannon ain't been fired," he said, sniffing the barrel.

We looked at one another with frightened eyes. What unseen force was playing pranks on us? First the disappearance of Mrs. Green, then the revolver shot coming out of the air—it seemed too much to account for by natural means.

When the telephone bell rang, our nerves, all on paper edge, gave one united leap. I answered the summons.

"Hello!" I said.

"This is the telegraph operator at Fair View," said a masculine voice. "Have you got a party at your place named N. Blainey or something like that?"

"Yes; I am Mr. Blainey."

"Probably it's for you, then. We got a rush message for N. Blainey which we can't deliver to you on account of the storm. Are you expecting anything?"

"Yes," I assented; "I am always getting telegrams. Read it to me over the telephone."

"I can't do that. I don't know you. You'll have to get Mr. Green or one of his family to take the message for you."

"Very well. Hold the wire," I requested, putting my hand over the mouthpiece. "Lucile, will you take this telegram? It's for me, but they say they'll have to read it to some member of the family because they don't know me."

Lucile took the receiver, picked up a pencil hanging by a string to the telephone and wrote down the telegram on a scratch pad on the wall as the operator read it over the wire. When it was done, without comment she handed it to me.

It read as follows:

> N Blaney—Coming to you at last. Arrive today. Have marriage license ready
> VIVA DUNMORE.

"Wait," I exclaimed; "this can't be for me. Call up that operator again."

"Don't try to explain," said Lucile coldly. "I suppose you don't even know who Vida Dunmore is?"

I debated a moment as to whether I should lie or not, but what was the use? I did know a Vida Dunmore, an actress. In fact, I had seen and criticised her work only the week before.

"Yes," I said slowly, "I know her, or I know a girl by that name, but we are not friends This telegram is a mistake."

I saw that she did not believe me, but I had no chance to explain, because in an instant we had all jumped to our feet and were straining our overwrought nerves to catch a sound which punctuated the roar of the storm.

Somewhere near a revolver shot had been fired.

We all hastened out of doors.

"Do you suppose some one is shooting at mother?" Lucile worried.

I tried to reassure her, but my efforts were politely repulsed. Apparently the matter of the telegram had erected a wall of ice between us.

"It sounded as if it came from the beach." Kent pointed in the direction of the dock.

"No; I am sure it was inland," argued Bopp.

At heart I was inclined to agree with my rival, but rather than appear to do so I started for the water front.

Around a bank of bushes I came in full sight of the lake. There was a comparatively quiet cove where the dock was, but just beyond a headland which sheltered the cove the waves were piling over themselves in boiling torrents where a sharp toothed reef was hidden a couple of feet below the surface.

The explanation of the revolver shots was obvious. A small steamboat was jammed hard and fast on the rocks and was pounding herself with a violence which prophesied a short life for her hull. Just as I appeared a man forward of the pilothouse fired a revolver in the air. As soon as he saw me he began to wave his arms violently and pointed to three other figures crouched on the deck.

By this time the rest of our party had caught up with me.

"He seems to be signaling," Bopp interpreted sagely. "Wonder what he wants."

"What would you want if you were in a boat aground in the lake with every chance of going to pieces in ten minutes?" I yelled so as to be heard above the sea. "I suppose you would be wishing for some poached plover's eggs on a strip of toast."

"They can't expect us to come out there and get them," he decided. "No boat could live in that sea. It would be suicide to attempt to reach them."

"We must do something," Lucile decided, with ready sympathy. "I'm very fond of the captain. He's been bringing our supplies for ten years."

"Is that the supply boat?" Bopp demanded.

"Why, yes; certainly."

"We must do something at once." Bopp began to run around in busy circles in the sand. "We must attempt to reach the poor devils. Kent, where is that boat of yours?"

"I drew it up on the shore here, right alongside the dock. Why, where is it?"

"Gone, eh?" Bopp shook his head knowingly. "Probably the heavy sea washed it off."

"Yes, but no sea ever untied the knot I had in her painter around this post here." Kent would have seen a mystery in Utopia. His mind insisted upon being pitted against the unknown.

"Well, what are we going to do?" Bopp said helplessly. "Those poor devils out there are counting on us. Think of being on a vessel loaded with bread, butter, eggs, vegetables and meat and having it break up under your feet. What shall we do?"

"I'm afraid we won't have time to do anything," I decided. "Her back is broken. It's only a question of seconds now."

The people on board realized it too. They hastily launched a life raft over the side and scrambled on to it as the decks crumpled beneath them and became a twisted mass of timbers that writhed for a moment and fell back into the waves to become driftwood.

The raft fortunately had cleared the wreck in plenty of time and was now drifting past our cove toward the mainland. The men on board seemed busy arranging a sort of mast and sail made out of an oar and a couple of oilskins. When they got that rigged up two of them held it up while a third attempted to steer with a second oar.

"They're going to try to land on the other point of the cove," Lucile said. "We must be there to help them when they come ashore. There are rocks about a hundred yards out where the raft will strike if it isn't driven past."

She led off on a dog trot which took the last tuck out of me when I attempted to follow. I got there some way, however, but minus the power of speech.

'Don't land here!" shouted Lucile into the teeth of the gale. "Dangerous rocks!"

They discovered the rocks for themselves almost immediately and slid off from the raft in a compact group. Under the direction of Kent, who had read a book about it somewhere, we formed ourselves into a life line by holding on to one another's hands and wading out into the surf.

One by one the shipwrecked victims struggled to us and were passed on up to the shore. Three were landed in this way, but the fourth failed to make it. I could see a head bobbing up and down a hundred feet away, but in a moment the head disappeared altogether.

"That man can't swim. He's drowning!" Lucile shouted. "Won't somebody save him?"

"I'll get him," I immediately volunteered briefly.

"You'll be drowned yourself," Lucile protested.

"No, he won't," Bopp assured her. "Monty can swim like a turtle. I've often seen him in the tank at the Athletic club. Besides, from fasting he's as full of air as a life preserver."

I disengaged my hand from Kent, who was next to me in the line, and struck out for the spot where I had last seen the head just before it had disappeared.

By a freak of luck I was in time. The body rose to the surface just in front of me, and I grabbed it before it could sink again. It was a woman, and I towed her easily by her hair. Soon I was again in shallower water, where I was able to stand. I turned and picked her up. She was still insensible.

I Almost Dropped Her When I Happened to Glance Down.

It was not until I had almost reached shore that I noticed anything peculiar about the young woman. I almost dropped her when I happened to glance down and discovered that she was clad in the silk tights, doublet and boots of Rosalind in "As You Like It."

CHAPTER VII.

Lipton S. Clair and the Five Fridays.

LUCILE'S gasp of astonishment when she saw what I had rescued was followed by an exclamation of womanly concern.

"Is she drowned?" she asked.

I shook my head negatively.

"Just swallowed a little too much water, I guess," explained one of the men from the boat. "She'll be all right as soon as she gets a cup of hot coffee in her."

"Who is she, Captain Perkins, and why is she dressed that way?" asked Lucile, ignoring the reference to coffee.

"I dunno who she be," said the captain. "She come aboard at Buena Vista and said she was going to Fair View."

"Dressed like that?"

"No, sir; she was dressed swell. When we struck the rock over yonder I told her we might have to swim and she'd orter dress just as light as possible. She went into the cabin with her grip, and when she came out she was like this and asked me if I calculated that was light enough. I 'lowed it was and we didn't have no time for explanations, because just then we broke in two."

We made a rough stretcher and carried the unconscious girl to the house

"Good heavens!" he raved. "We'll a starve."

When we had placed her in an upstair room we left her to Lucile's care and had a stag party in my bedchamber. There were now six men of us.

Of the newcomers the captain was a tall, wiry old man with sharp, ferret black eyes and a set of whiskers correctly trimmed for one of the "natives in "Shore Acres."

One of the other men, a green, lank youngster, was obviously an employe on the boat. The other was just as obviously a passenger. The boatmen were inclined to take things philosophically. The passenger was annoyed and uncomfortable under the inconveniences he had been made to suffer. He was not a fat man, but he had a build similar to mine before I started fasting.

(Continued on page 7)

Tribe Ruled by Women.

Among the Khasis, a hill in Assam, N. E. India, the matriarchal system is still in force. Property belongs to the women; anything a man earns before marriage belongs to his mother, and after marriage to his wife. The men are extremely jolly, says Mr. Basil Allen, late of the Indian Civil Service; the women, despite their privileged position, have lost none of their charm, and are no more logical or masculine than their sisters in less feminist countries. They wear a multitude of clothes, unlike their neighbors, the Garos, who wear extraordinarily little. A woman's dress is about twelve inches long, a man's is even less.

Mr. Allen says that persons who are shocked at the scantiness of modern female dress should note that in the Assam hills "the more clothes you wear the naughtier you are."

Several thousand of Assam hillmen went to France in labor corps, and those who returned told their fellows something of the war—"and what a curious war it was! How men would be gathered together and a box would arrive, and when the box was opened men died." That was the Mikir's description of a bursting shell.

A WIRELESS WONDER

Major Raymond Phillips Claims He Can Direct an Airship By Word of Command.

Already the British army has been largely mechanized, and now comes a claim that one supreme Robot will be able to send out wireless messages controlling our actions in civil life, saying when we are to start work and when, if ever, we must stop.

This amazing assertion is made by Major Raymond Philips, who states that by wireless he can make an airship travel in any given direction, and at a word of command he can set the wheels of industry going or stop them as he wishes.

The train guard, he believes, will be eliminated. The Railway Robot of the future will sit in an office with the starting time of each train on an indicator before him. He will merely say "Go!" and the train will at once proceed to its destination. If necessary, he will halt it at wayside stations by saying "Stop!" If, through wearisome repetition, he becomes husky he can direct the movements of the train by tapping out his "Go!" "Stop!" "Back!" or whatever motion he wishes the train to perform.

So far the experiments have only been made with toy trains, boats, and aircraft, but Major Philips is emphatic that it need not end here.

All machinery, he declares, could be stopped automatically by the shouting of the proper key word. Instead of pulling the communication cord in a railway carriage, a cry of alarm through the microphone will apply the brakes and bring the train to a standstill.

How is this done? To steer and manoeuvre his model airship he has two short-wound electric motors weighing eight ounces each, and propellers mounted on a swival beam.

"By starting or reversing either or both electric motors and propellers," he said, "the airship can be made to travel in any desired direction, and raised or lowered in flight." A system of different colored lights tells him if his messages are being received and that everything is in order.

I saw two model train dash round highly dangerous curves, writes a Tit-Bits man, whilst the major sat with a transmitter on his knee tapping out his instructions in Morse.

By this method he made them run in opposite directions on their double lines, stop at stations, shunt backwards and forwards, and all by tapping on his spark transmitter.

Next he put down his transmitter, and speaking into the microphone said "Go!" and off they went. When he said "Stop!" they slid gracefully into the station; when an imaginary aunt with her parrot cage arrived as the train was gliding out of the station he said "Back!" and back went the train. To show there was no deception, a boy of seven gave the commands, and the trains showed that a child could manage them.

This special microphone is useless for the transmission of speech, and an ordinary telephone microphone is useless for the mechanism in conjunction with a relay.

But any wireless enthusiast can make the complete outfit himself, and the whole apparatus can be fitted out for about $50.

Gave the Bride Away.

"Did her father give the bride away?"

"I should say he did. He got rattled and said as he handed her over to the groom, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive'."

Him: "You look like a sensible girl, let's get married."

Her: "Nothing doing. I'm just as sensible as I look."

The Rubber Industry.

There were 39 establishments in Canada engaged in the rubber industry in 1926, of which 28 were in Ontario, 10 in Quebec and one in British Columbia, according to a report of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The capital invested in the industry in that year was $62,661,702; the number of persons employed 13,587, and the value of production $86 508,137, an increase of 10.58 per cent. over the previous year.

C.P.R. Plant Evergreen Trees.

Over ten miles of evergreen trees were planted last fall by the Canadian Pacific Railway along its right-of-way in Quebec replacing the ugly fences and being even more effective in preventing snow and sand drifting on the tracks. Altogether, the railway now has 110 miles of such roadside hedges.

A Memory of Mons.

One of the drums lost during the Mons retreat by the second battalion of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders was recently retrned to the regiment by Herr F. F. Eiffe, of Hamburg.

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

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FLOWERS BLOOM ALL WINTER

"THE LIONS", VANCOUVER

PENDRAY'S GARDENS, VICTORIA

A Christmas rose plucked in the garden is no novelty in the flower vase of a Victoria or Vancouver automobile, for the climate of these two British Columbia cities is so mild during the winter that both claim eternal summer. The golfer can drive, approach the green, putt on a real grass green practically every day in the year, and hundreds of miles of splendid roads are in first class condition the year round for motoring. The mild climate is largely due to the warming influence of the Japan current and protecting range of mountains.

Victoria, capital of British Columbia, is a city of rare charm with its beautiful drives and residential sections, its first class golf courses to which access is easily obtained by the player, its unique Chinese quarter, its turbaned Hindus, its ivy-covered Empress Hotel and its imposing parliament buildings. Both the Victoria Golf Club and the Colwood Golf and Country Club have entertained thousands of guests in a single year, and golfers stopping at the Empress may play at both upon payment of a small greens fee. Victoria is noted for its magnificent drives leading through beautiful streets, along the ocean's shores and far into the interior of the island.

Victoria is at the southern tip of Vancouver Island, named after Captain George Vancouver, of the British Navy, who discovered it in 1792. Its trees, among them the stately Douglas fir which towers 300 feet above the roads over which the traveller glides, are magnificent, some of them being 6 or 7 feet in diameter. Century-old cedars and gnarled oaks of great age are conspicuous features of the landscape, and miles of gorse, or Scotch broom, line the highways.

Like Victoria, Vancouver has been a wonderful road builder and has hundreds of miles of splendid automobile roads of the finest macadam. Vancouver is surrounded by towering mountains and the famous "Lions," twin snow-capped peaks, are one of the many scenic beauties of a most enterprising, hustling and interesting city. The "Lions," also called the "Lions' Gate" and the "Two Sisters," tower 6,500 feet above Vancouver, and an Indian legend has it that as long as the "Two Sisters" stand guard over Vancouver, just so long with Canada's greatest Pacific port thrive and develop.

Victoria is the site of the Crystal Gardens, erected several years ago by the Canadian Pacific Railway and which have become the social centre of the City. The Gardens are equipped with a magnificent 150-foot swimming pool, completely covered by a canopy of glass. Here the inhabitants of Victoria and visitors flock in thousands to enjoy the sports facilities of the institution. Dancing and other forms of entertainment are always in progress. Here, too, are staged swimming meets that within the past few years have become international in aspect.

AN AUTHORITY ON CROPS.

Woman Is Agricultural Expert on Western Daily.

Cora Hind, known all over Canada as an agricultural editor and authority on crops, whose yearly reports on the probable yield of grain in the western provinces are eagerly awaited by the financial world, is always ready to lend a helping hand to other women.

About ten years ago Miss Hind did a very kindly deed. A girl journalist, hailing from Winnipeg, had been given the market reports to do for an Alberta newspaper, while the regular editor of the page was on vacation. It was difficult work for a novice, but the girl managed to get on all right for the first few days. Then her chief sent her to report a convention of stock men. The girl duly attended the meeting, but the proceedings might just as well have been in the Chinese language, for they were utterly unintelligible to her. She sat gasping, unable to make out a word of the strange jargon. Miss Cora Hind was there, very efficient and very much at home deferred to constantly for her opinion by the men. She noticed the girl looking like a lost soul, so going over to her she whispered, "Don't worry. Come and have tea with me at my hotel afterwards, and I'll fix you up."

She was as good as her word. After a pleasant chat and cup of tea, which the girl enjoyed hugely, a stenographer was called in, and to her Miss Hind dictated a masterly report of the stock convention, afterwards handing it to the girl to use. The result was that the next morning the editor sent for the young journalist and complimented her on her excellent report. "You write like a veteran—quite remarkable," he commented.

Cora Hind may be met at most of the important stock shows, whether in Canada or the United States. In the latter country she has made herself equally as well known as in Canada for her expert judgment in agricultural matters. She is probably the greatest woman authority in her line in the world.

It should be encouraging to others to note she started as a stenographer. Back in 1882 she left Toronto, her birthplace, and struck out for Winnipeg, then a city of but 20,000 people. Here she hung out her shingle as a public stenographer. From that beginning she went into journalism, and now for nearly thirty years she has edited an agricultural page in one of the leading western papers.

TALE OF THE "KIPPER"

How the Herring Is Transformed Into the "Kipper."

In 1846 Mr. John Woodger, of Newcastle, invented the kipper, says an article in Tit-Bits, but it has become an every day dish with people in the Old Country that few think about how or where the herring is transformed.

Now the movements of herrings are very uncertain. Shoals appear off different coasts at different seasons and curing establishments are provided at various ports.

The curing sheds must be cleaned and lime-washed, the wooden sticks, known as "tenters," on which the fish are smoked have to be scraped and renewed where necessary. The station manager looks to his stores of salt, oak-turnings, sawdust, transparent wrapping paper, wood, nails, and wire for boxes.

Ever since the herrings began to appear he has sent a daily wire to London reorting on the catch. This is calculated by crans, a cran being a measure containing from 800 to 1,200 herrings, according to size.

Imagine that the staff have arrived and we are visiting the port where curing is in full swing. Women and girl workers, protected from the wet by rubber boots and waterproof aprons, stand at long benches piled with fish, and in three neat movements of their short-bladed knives split the herrings.

Skill in this operation is of the first importance, because badly-cut fish lose value. The split fish are dropped into wicker baskets and carried to the washing tank.

When cleaned they are soaked in brine for ten to thirty minutes, according to size. Care is required to ensure that the split fish are opened out so that every part comes in contact with the pickle, which must be kept up to strength.

After pickling, the fish are hung on tenter-hooks, fixed on wooden bars about one and a half inches thick of the same length as the width of the kiln house. Each hook carries twelve fish, and they are placed across the smoke-house in rows.

Heat as well as smoke is necessary, and oak chips and oak sawdust are best. A fire of these materials is lit on the hard floor of the kiln. When it begins to die down it is usually replenished with sawdust only, which results in a volume of smoke being given off.

By the time the fire has spent itself again some of the lower rows of fish are ready for cooling off, and after the fire has been made up for the third time the whole batch is ready for cooling.

A smoker not only stokes the fires, but operates the vent holes, draught doors, louvres, and chimney shafts. As the kippers should all be of a uniform shade the bars on which they hang must be moved from tier to tier and the heat and smoke directed to any particular part needing attention.

Before the kippers are taken off the hooks they are examined by an expert, who rejects any that are not up to standard. The finest fish are wrapped in transparent paper.

Imitation kippers are produced by means of dipping herrings in a harmless dye which gives approximately the same color as the genuine article, writes Capt. Crisford in Progress. Far less skill and labor is expended in this process.

Kilt Comedies.

A crusade against the improper wearing of kilts is being waged in Scotland.

Not only do visitors from the South and from overseas wear kilts, but they don't even wear them correctly. To carry the kilt too high above the knees is regarded as the blackest of sins, and in some cases as much as three inches of limb has been seen showing above the knee-cap.

The attention drawn by these badly-worn kilts has led to the discovery that no one, not even the leaders of the clans, knows just what is the correct height at which the kilt is to be worn. The subject has been brought before the Kilt Society.

Among soldiers of Highland regiments the popular test for the correct "hang" and height of the kilt is, when it has been buckled, to kneel on the floor with both knees together. The lower edge of the kilt should just touch the ground when the body is held upright in this position.

A Peculiar Custom.

In the interior of Sumatra rice is sown by women who let their hair hang loose down the back, in order that the rice may grow luxuriantly and have long stalks.

Diseaseless.

Cats are subject to comparatively few diseases, and fewer still of these are of a [illegible] nature.

QUEER RAIL MISHAPS.

Accidents That Fool-Proof Safety Systems Can't Guard Against.

Strange accidents sometimes occur on the railway. For instance, an engine-driver lost the sight of one eye through a sparrow flying near the train and striking him as it flew past. In another case a big flying beetle struck the driver of a train in the eye with sufficient force to blind him. The impact possibly represented a speed of nearly a hundred miles an hour.

Recently a passenger was killed near Hayward's Heath, England, by an iron bar which crashed through the window by which he was sitting. His skull was fractured. It appeared on examination that a bar corresponding to that which entered the compartment with such tragical results was missing from the engine.

Some time ago the stationmaster at a wayside station was killed in a remarkable way. Some platelayers, in stepping back at the sound of the look-out's whistle, left a spade on the rails. The express struck it and hurled it on to the station platform with such velocity that it killed the stationmaster instantly.

An exciting episode occurred at one of the stations of the Midland Railway in England. A mother and daughter were standing together on the platform when a man close by fell upon the rails. The young lady heroically jumped down, although the train was approaching, and tried to drag the man clear. In the confusion the mother also got upon the line.

The train happened to be a goods train going through at thirty miles an hour. Though it passed over all three, only the man was killed, the young lady and her mother being quite uninjured. The daughter, at the inquest, said she forcibly held her mother down, and stated that the man would have escaped had he not lifted his head, which was fractured.

Jobs That Never End.

At the Houses of Parliament in England there is a party of eight men who do nothing but clean windows. Some of these windows are cleaned only once a year, others once a month, while the "domestic" windows—those belonging to the private residences, such as that of the Speaker of the House of Commons—are cleaned once a fortnight.

There are a good many other men who are always at work on the same job. On the Eiffel Tower, which soars 900 feet above Paris, painting never ceases, and the same is the case with the Blackpool Tower, a mass of steel girders 500 feet high. Twelve months are needed to give the great fabric a coat of paint, and thirty men are engaged on the work. It takes nine and a half tons of paint to coat the surfaces of all the girders, and when the final touches have been given to the top of the tower, the men go down and start afresh at the bottom.

"Father of So-and-So."

A Zulu woman may not call her husband by his name, either when addressing him or when speaking of him to others; she must use the phrase "father of So-and-so."

No More Dead Languages.

Language of all races of the world will be preserved on phonograph records for posterity, when a unique collection being made for the new Museum of Languages, at the Sorbonne, Paris, is completed.

The Parrot's Qualifications.

"Does that parrot swear?"

"A little, mum — but he doesn't drink or gamble."

THE ISLAND OF MALTA.

It Is One of the Most Important Ports in the Mediterranean Sea.

Malta is the well-known island in about the centre of the Mediterranean Sea, and known during the centuries of the existence of the Roman Empire as Melita. It was the scene of the shipwreck of St. Paul while on his voyage as a prisoner from Caesarea, the port of Judea, to Rome, the seat of the imperial government. The island is 17 miles in length and has an area of 91½ square miles, which is about equal to the area of Albion Township in Peel County, Ontario. It has a population of about 215,000.

Malta, or ancient Melita, was held in turn by Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians and by the Arabs in 870. From 1090 it was joined in government to Sicily until 1530, when it was handed over to the Knights of St. John, who ruled until dispersed by Napoleon in 1798. From 1798 to 1800 it was blockaded by the British fleet, and was finally annexed to the British Crown by the Treaty of Paris of 1814.

Malta is one of the most important ports of call in the world, and it is the base and resort for repairs and refitment of the British fleet in the Mediterranean. Its chief harbor, which is a naval station, is strongly fortified. The capital is Valletta.

Under the constitution of 1921, Malta has an elected Legislature to control purely local affairs, consisting of a Senate of 17 members, some of whom are appointed and some elected and a House of Assembly of 32 elected members. There is a responsible ministry of seven members who preside over the public departments. The head of the Government is styled Governor and Commander-in-Chief.

English is the official language of the colony. The Maltest language is allowed in the elementary schools, and Italian is the official language of record in the Law Courts.

There is a public school system and the pupils number about 20,000, besides secondary schools and a university with 130 students.

The chief products of Malta are wheat and other grains of temperate countries, vegetables, grapes and other fruits, and cotton. The manufactures include lace, cotton textiles, filigree and cigarettes. Agriculture is the chief industry, and the island is well supplied with horses, mules and asses, horned cattle, sheep and goats. The annual value of the exports from Malta is about $7,000,000.

JEWRIES IN ENGLAND.

Former Jewish Quarters Indicated by Surviving Street Names.

Many towns had anciently their Jewish quarters, in which the Jews were compelled to dwell, and these localities are frequently indicated by surviving street names. The Old Jewry and the New Jewry in London are instances. The Jews were probably first admitted into the kingdom at the Conquest, and those of London settled in what is now the Old Jewry. Edward the First expelled all the Jews, but they were readmitted by Cromwell, and many of them, taking up their residence in London, occupied the New Jewry.

There were Jewries in many other towns, such as Lincoln, Leicester, and Norwich. At Leicester the fragment of wall which has survived from Roman times is known as the Jewry Wall, because in the Middle Ages the Jews dwelt near it.

The Jews are not the only foreigners who have left evidence of their presence in the street names of our towns. The Flemings appear to have given their name to Flemingate, in Beverley.

In Southampton there were anciently, and may be still, a French street and an English street, names of great significance when we remember that this port was long the principal link between the England on this side of the Channel and another England on the other.

These names call to mind the distinction of nationality seemingly implied by the names of the English and the Welsh bridges at Shrewsbury. But these names are comparatively modern. The former bridge was built in 1774 and replaced an old fortified bridge, known as the East Bridge. The Welsh Bridge was built about twenty years later to take the place of a picturesque but inconvenient structure of seven arches, bearing the name of St. George's Bridge.

WAR ON AIRPLANES.

Tests Have Proven More Satisfactory Than Experts Expected.

The answer to the airplane as a war weapon is claimed to have been perfected at Frankford Arsenal, Philadelphia.

It is a centralized electrical control chamber made of armored steel, from which the fire of an anti-aircraft battery is directed, on principles which are broadly similar to those used in the conning-tower of a battleship.

Each man inside the chamber has his particular job. Calculations must be made which reduce mistakes to a minimum. Height, distance, wind, speed, and other factors are reckoned and are all represented in the final computations which determine the angle of the guns.

The guns are controlled almost entirely from inside the instrument. Only the work of loading is done by hand, and it is claimed that once the target has been found errors are reduced to a minimum, and the action of the guns becomes virtually automatic. A series of tests has been carried out recently against targets towed by airplanes which are stated to have proved even more satisfactory than the experts had expected.

Most Talkative M.P.

The most prolific speaker in the British House of Commons up to the adjournment for the summer recess was Mr. Winston Churchill, whose speeches filled 245 columns of Hansard. Sir Douglas Hogg is second in the list with 222, Mr. Lloyd George third with 168, and Commander Kenworthy fourth with 153 columns. The greatest number of oral questions answered by a Minister was 632, addressed to Sir William Joynson-Hicks.

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

WHAT I EAT--AND WHY

FACTS ABOUT FOOD FOR THE WISE MAN AND WOMAN.

President of New Health Society In England Says the Best Way to Keep Healthy Is a Matter of Diet —His Own Menu.

I drink a pint of tepid water first thing in the morning, writes Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Bart., in Answers. I do this with the object of stimulating the entire gastro-intestinal canal. What precisely happens when I drink that water? It is picked up by the blood-vessels and later eliminated through the kidneys and bladder.

I start breakfast with half a grape-fruit. It is a fruit of which one never tires, it is delicious, it cleans the mouth and prepares one for the meal.

The grape-fruit is followed by a large basinful of cooked, rolled wheat, to which a considerable quantity of uncooked rolled wheat is added. This is eaten with plenty of milk.

This is a very simple meal, but it is completely satisfying.

The object of adding a proportion of uncooked wheat is to supply what is known as roughage, or the necessary bulk of material to stimulate the digestive tract to perform its function properly. The uncooked wheat also contains salts which assist the digestive process.

I start my lunch and dinner as I do my breakfast, with half a grape-fruit. After that, soup, white fish, wholemeal bread or Swedish biscuit, steamed vegetables, eggs cooked in various forms, salads of all sorts, cooked fruit and cheese.

Should one drink with meals? In my opinion, a moderate amount of alcohol taken with the evening meal and a pleasant smoke after it serve to make the meal and the subsequent rest from one's labors more enjoyable.

The condition of the mind during meals is a very important factor in getting the best from the food eaten. Everything likely to distract or worry should be firmly put on one side.

It is therefore wisest whenever possible to take one's meal in pleasant company, for in solitude the mind is apt to hark back to worries and anxieties of the day's work.

For the same reason the wise woman sees to it that the dining-table is gay. It should be brightened with a few simple flowers, or made beautiful with bowls of roses, according to the diner's means. Flowers are happy things and help more than we realize to induce the cheery mental state that makes for good digestion.

The same applies to the use of alcohol at dinner. To eschew alcohol is to dispense with one of the most valuable and attractive foods we have. This truth has been recognized as far back as history goes.

What is the most important meal of the day? Perhaps breakfast. I regard breakfast as a very important meal. I never allow anything to hurry me over it. And I always eat a substantial meal.

There comes a time when one's diet and habits must be modified if full vigor and health are to be maintained. After a man or woman has passed life's meridian little or no animal food is necessary. After reaching that peak, then, it is wise to dispense with animal food except in the strictest moderation. If this is done, degeneration and disease will not follow as legacies of injudicious feeding.

Having indicated briefly what I eat, and why, I would say a word about the manner of eating.

The first stage of the digestive process takes place in the mouth. The cardinal rule, then, is masticate, masticate, masticate. We were not given our excellent assortment of teeth without an adequate reason. They are there to masticate food. Yet few people trouble to perform this fundamental function efficiently, and the sloppy food which is eaten generally does away with the necessity or even the possibility of mastication.

Let us follow the food after it leaves the mouth, having been there duly masticated and permeated by saliva, which plays a very important part. It passes to the stomach, where a sequence of events takes place in the entire gastro-intestinal tract, the contents of the several segments of the canal being propelled automatically along it, till eventually that portion occupying the end of the large bowel is expelled.

When this normal sequence breaks down — generally because of unnatural habits of life—the vast majority of people have recourse to purgatives. It is the most foolish thing they could do, for such drugs act as irritants of the mucous lining of the bowel and cause unnatural contraction of its muscular coating. The causes of cancer may be summed up as meat, constipation, and purgatives.

What, then, is the remedy for what is, in my opinion, a great scourge of all civilized peoples?

The answer is: Diet—diet and exercise.

When I outlined the menu of my simple breakfast I stressed quantity. The reader will perceive my object. By eating an abundance of natural foods the bowels may be made to function normally. And when they fail to do so, systematic exercises will help to achieve this end.

Study your diet, but do not become a faddist. Never eat to repletion. Eliminate all waste products promptly. Avoid artificial foods. Take red meat only sparingly if at all, and eat largely of fruit and green foods.

By following these few simple directions and adhering to the simple diet that I have outlined you will be assured of six and a half to seven hours of delightful sleep, from which you will awake fresh and vigorous, able to tackle a new day's problems and difficulties.

An "Ultra-Whistle."

German police are using an amazing new device to aid in tracking down criminals — an "ultra-whistle" that summons police dogs without giving the faintest audible sound to warn the fugitive. The sound wave it emits is of more than 40,000 vibrations a second—too high-pitched for the human ear to hear, but the dog's sensitive ear, it is said, detects and understands it.

A Norwegian girl of 19 has a master's certificate entitling her to the command of steamers up to 250 tons.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM

Most Insidious, Disabling, and Mortal of All Diseases.

Most of us, if asked to name Britain's worst disease, would say it was either consumption or cancer. But our most prevalent scourge is rheumatism, writes a Tit-Bits correspondent.

Sir George Newman, chief medical officer of the Ministry of Health, says: "It is one of the most insidious, disabling, and mortal of all diseases."

The death-rate from rheumatic disorders is higher in England than from cancer, tuberculosis, heart disease, or influenza. The loss of life is sufficiently serious, but there is another aspect.

Taking the country as a whole, 6,000,000 work-weeks are lost every year through rhuematic absentees. And as the absence of one worker often and unavoidably slows up another, and the absence of a "key" man may result in several others being obliged to suspend work until he returns, this total does not represent the full time lost.

The internal prosperity of the country depends largely on the earning and circulation of money, but at least £10,000,000, allowing for sick pay from slate clubs and so on, was spent but not earned, and therefore not circulated, as the result of the lost weeks.

Insured persons draw sick benefit on account of rheumatism to the average amount of £1,300,000 annually. The cost to the country, in other ways, is estimated at nearly £8,000,000 yearly, and that sum does not include the direct loss to industry—incalculable, but vast. Rheumatism is painful to the millions who suffer from it, and costly to the country.

Can anything more be done to combat it It is the most deadly disease in the Old Country and claims its victims in all classes.

The latest treatment is called the "transcutan," and it has been so successful that crippled soldiers, regarded as permanently disabled, have become new men after treatment. Special baths, containing healing ingredients which attack the rheumatism through the skin, are used—hence the name "transcutan." These baths are given under medical supervision, and the course is not a lengthy one. Four to six baths are, in most cases, sufficient to effect the necessary alleviation.

Baths have been opened in Cardiff, Leicester, and Birmingham, and one will shortly be available in London. But with millions of sufferers, it is obvious that the State should erect the baths, so that they may be accessible freely and easily. The expenditure would be justified, for the cure or alleviation of rheumatism would save millions of money.

Until they are ready, what are sufferers to do? Some years ago Lord Amherst offered a premium of £300 for a cure for rheumatism, and the one adjudged best was as follows. Any chemist would make it up for about two shillings a large jar:—

"Sulphur and mustard, six ounces each; powdered nitre and powdered rhubarb, 1½ ounces each; gum guaiacum, three ounces; honey enough to make a paste."

The mixture should be taken internally, half a teaspoonful night and morning.

The prevention of rheumatism lies in avoiding chills and exposure and seeking medical advice directly the first twinge comes. Dieting will then expel the uric acid responsible.

Bank of England Electric Wonders.

Even more wonderful than the construction of the strongrooms is the electrical installation of the Bank of England, work on which has just begun. The work will continue for several years.

Miles of wire will be housed in copper pipes, with gunmetal fuse boxes. Such an expensive installation is believed to be unique in England. A huge generating plant that will make the bank entirely independent of outside stations is to be installed.

There will be approximately ten thousand lights in the building and 40 lifts. The main switchboard will be 100 feet long. Even cooking is to be done by electricity, and besides the installation for power, heat, and light an elaborate system of telephones, alarms, and bells is also being installed.

British Investment In Canada.

Canadians would be considerably surprised if they were given full details of the British investment going into Canadian channels at the present time, according to E. R. Peacock, director of the Bank of England and of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Britisher does not seek publicity in his business deals, he stated, with the result that large sums of money were often placed in the Dominion and never heard of. A case in point he mentioned was the investment of himself and five other capitalists of £200,000 in timber interests in British Columbia five years ago, and upon the success of this venture the further investment of £300,000.

Receiving Farm Training.

A party of British youth will receive an intensive farm training during the winter months at the Provincial School of Agriculture at Claresholm, Alberta, under the "Hoadley Scheme." In the spring they will be placed in employment on provincial farms under the supervision of the Department.

Silver Guitar.

A guitar made of German silver is said to possess great volume, which makes it suitable for orchestral use, while retaining the sweet tone produced by the wooden guitar. One great advantage of the metal instrument is that it does not warp.

Forests In Maritimes.

Three-quarters of the area of the Maritime Provinces is best suited for growing forests, and 65 per cent. of New Brunswick must continue to grow trees if it is to continue to produce a crop of any kind.

Straw Plaiting Dying Out.

Straw plaiting would seem to be a dying industry, as Luton, England, has now 80 straw plaiters as compared with 30,000 half a century ago.

An Ancient Drill.

The Egyptians invented a crank drill before 3,000 B.C.

THE GONDS OF INDIA

LIVE IN REMOTE JUNGLES OF HILLY TRACT.

By Nature They Are Mild and Gentle, But Their Religious Beliefs Are Curious In the Extreme—The Marriage Ceremony Is Simple.

In the shadow of the Satpura Range, India, dwell a primitive people, believed to belong to an uncivilized branch of the Dravidian race, says a writer in the Times of India.

Hidden in remote jungles of hilly tracts, the Gonds live in ignorance of the forward march of civilization and cling still to many of their old superstitions. By nature the Gond is mild and gentle, and in the presence of strangers, reserved and timid. His religious beliefs are curious in the extreme. On the number of gods he worships depends the special group or family to which he belongs; and connected with this are the families into which he may marry.

Worshippers of seven gods may not marry into their own group, but must select partners from among the six-god, five-god, or four-god families. Bhera Pen, also called Mahadeva, is recognized as the creator of the world. As, however, he is a kindly being, he is seldom worshipped.

The gods the Gond has to reckon with are those malignant spirits which are always on the alert to take offence and do him harm. These are the spirits that must be propitiated, and hence it is obvious that the main religious acts of the Gonds are inspired by fear.

In olden days human sacrifices were not uncommon. As lately as 1842 when the Rajah of Bastar went on a long journey, twenty-five human victims were sacrificed to secure for him an undisturbed journey. If a woman is suspected of being a witch, she is thrown into the nearest tank or pool. If she remains under the water, while a man shoots three arrows in the air, she is innocent, but if she comes to the surface before that she is proved to be a witch. Her two front teeth are then knocked out; her head shaved; and she is banished from the village.

One curious thing all over the Gond country in its wildest regions is the setting up of a clay image of a tiger to mark the place where a man has been slain by one of these wild animals. The idea is that the image of the tiger called "Waghoba" is indwelt by the soul of the dead man, who, in hatred of his slayer, will act as a village guardian.

The belief in totems is everywhere found amongst the Gonds, and many are the plants and animals which are regarded as "sacred." The four-god Gonds regard the tortoise and crocodile as their totem; the five-god Gonds, the iguana, the six-god Gonds, the tiger, and the seven-god Gonds, the porcupine.

The position of women is one of equality with the opposite sex, the woman being free to marry the man of her choice. Among the Maria Gonds there is a bachelors' quarter in every village where the young men are shut up at night. After a short time the parents and village elders step in, and a bethrothal is arranged. The bridegroom's party then plant a spear in the courtyard of the bride's house. If the bride's party consent, water is poured over the spear by the girl's father. Should he fail to do this it is regarded as an insult, and he is fined heavily.

The marriage ceremony is extremely simple. A platform of cow-dung cakes is built, on which a blanket is spread. On this the young couple stand and exchange vows. The bridegroom puts an iron ring on one of the bride's fingers, and the ceremony is over.

The marriage of widows is permitted. The ceremony in this case is that the couple stand under the eaves of the bridegroom's hut with an upright spear between them. Tumeric, mixed with oil, is poured over the bridegroom's head and on the spearhead, and the bridegroom ties a string of beads around the bride's neck and conducts her as his wife into his hut.

The Gonds either bury or burn their dead. Their burial ground or burning ghat is generally to the east of the village. Their dead are sometimes buried with their feet towards the north; the explanation of this practice being a tradition that their home was once in the north.

The belief in transmigration is now gaining ground. When a Gond is dying he is removed from his simple bed and laid on the ground. Under his head is placed a small quantity of grain. After his death, when the body is removed, an inverted basket is placed over this heap of grain.

On the following day the village elders examine it, and the wise amongst them believe that they can detect the footprints of the animal into which the soul of the deceased has entered.

Spirits of the dead are regarded more with fear than with veneration. Especially are those dreaded who die violent or unnatural deaths. The spirit of the woman who had died in childbirth, or of the man who has been slain by a wild beast, are often regarded as specially malignant and dangerous.

Another Terminal Elevator.

The Alberta Wheat Pool is building a terminal elevator at Vancouver, which will cost a million dollars, have a capacity of 2,500,000 bushels and will be ready for the 1928 crop.

Canada's Tourist Trade.

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics finds tourist trade steadily growing from $83,734,000 spent by tourists in 1920 to $190,463,000 in 1926.

Movement Is Westward.

French-Canadian factory workers in the New England states have begun a return migration to Canada which has grown to such proportions that the Government agent at Woonsocket, R.I., is making a trip to Western Canada to gain first-hand information about business conditions and opportunities available there. He states that at the present time there are about 1,500,000 French-Canadians in the New England states and that while many are returning to their old parishes in Quebec there is a pronounced movement to Western Canada.

"Gift" Suggestions that are Messengers of Good Will

Modern in Spirit, Style, Color and Value

The C. D. S. L. Gift Box

Containing Appropriate Suggestions
For Worried Christmas Shoppers

Beautiful Merchandise for Women who like "Homey" Gifts

Never has this section of our store been so splendidly equipped to serve your Xmas requirements. Never were our assortments so varied, or our values more advantageous. We extend a very cordial invitation to gift seekers. Note these tempting values:

Turkish Towel Sets at 50, 79, 95c., $1.25, $1.50 set.
Turkish Towels at 79c., 95c., $1.25, $1.50 pair.
Linen Luncheon Sets, all sizes at 95c. to $4.45 set.
Damask Linen Sets, cloths and naps, $4.50 to $28 set.
Linen Napkins, beautifully patterned $3 to $12.50 doz.
Linen Damask for table cloths, from $1.00 to $2.50 yd.
Linen Huck Towels at $1.00, $1.25, $1.50 to $2.50 pr.
Rayon Bedspreads, all shades, $5.50 to $9.75 each.
Krinkle Bedspreads, all shades, $2.10 to $4.95 each.
Kenwood Blankets, two sizes, $8.50 and $9.75 each.
Down Filled Comforters, 66x72 in. size, at $9.95 each.
Cotton Sheets, Horrockses make, special, $3.75 pair.

"Kimonos" make Ideal Xmas Gifts

Here are Styles for all occasions

Girls at college, women who travel, women who stay-at-home, every woman finds a Kimono a garment that is indispensable. The Xmas collection here is particularly noteworthy from viewpoints of style, quality and value.

Styles in Beacon and Esmond cloths, from $3.98 to $5.95.

Styles in Box-loom Crepe from $6.50 to $7.50.

Styles in Silks and Satins from $9.25 to $16.50.

Styles in figured damask cloths from $12.95 to $15.00.

All sizes.

Reg. $2.25 Flat Crepe at $1.95 yard

Full Complement of Colors

Women who make their own Xmas gifts will find this a worthwhile saving. Crepe is a standard quality of firm, even weave that will give remarkable service.

Thousands of "Beautiful Handkerchiefs" in attractive "Holiday Boxes" are now on Display in our Xmas Show

Let Handkerchiefs play the gift role in the Xmas story this season. Our store is a flutter with them, in all of the newest mannerisms of the day. They come assembled two and three of a kind in attractive holiday boxes—ready to give. Make them your Xmas messengers of good-will. Your choosing is unrestricted—for here are sizes, styles and colors to please every person on your gift list. The prices, too, represent the best values that we have ever offered.

350 BOXES OF GIFT HANDKERCHIEFS
SPECIALLY PRICED
25 CENTS PER BOX

Made from white and colored lawns, that come finished with hemstitched and rolled edges. Each kerchief is neatly embroidered. For the children come white lawn hankies with animals attractively embroidered in the corner.

Come 2 and 3 to a box.

400 BOXES OF GIFT HANDKERCHIEFS
SPECIALLY PRICED
50 CENTS PER BOX

Hand-painted, embroidered, lace trimmed, every conceivable vogue in gift handkerchiefs is well represented in this unique assortment. It is impossible to mention a popular shade that we haven't in stock, either in fine linen, lawn or batiste. Come 2 and three to a box.

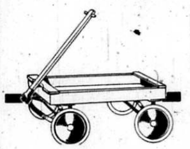
200 Boxes of Gift Handkerchiefs specially priced 65c per box---2 and 3 to a box

Even the most fastidious person on your Xmas list will delight in receiving these very choice kerchiefs. They represent some of the very finest needlework in Europe. Artistic in color harmonies, unique in ornamentation, as well as superb in quality.

The entire color range is well represented. Choose early please.

"Let's Go" say the Children,
"Right-O" says their Dad.

And off they all trot, to the jolliest spot,
The Toy-Shop at C. D. S. L.



The place of a hundred-and-one delights for the little folks

So come on Boys and Girls, we want you to see all these wonderful things from Santa Claus' work-shop

Canadian Department-Stores Limited

The C. D. S. L. Gift Box

Containing Appropriate Suggestions
For Worried Christmas Shoppers

IF DAD SPENDS HIS DAYS OUT-OF-DOORS GIVE HIM A "FUR COAT" THIS CHRISTMAS

Here are coats splendidly made from evenly sheared and well matched skins. Coats that are constructed to give years of satisfactory service. Every point of strain is doubly re-inforced. Obtainable in a rich brown color. Priced $47.50 each.

Men's Overcoats Reduced 20 per cent. from regular prices

Every stock Coat is included, including Navy Blues and Tweeds. All lowered now for a quick and effective clear-away. All are C. D. S. L. overcoats, built to our own specifications, in patterns, fabrics, models and sizes for men and young men, with clear savings from $2.95 to $7.00.

Reg. $14.95 values for $12.00
Reg. $20.00 values for $16.00
Reg. $25.00 values for $20.00
Reg. $29.50 values for $23.60
Reg. $30.00 values for $24.00
Reg. $35.00 values for $28.00

MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S PATTERNED SUITS ALL REDUCED

Men, the economies afforded in this splendid sale of Suits is well worth considering, especially so, with the Christmas season already here. Suits come in the correct winter styles and materials.

Note these values :—

$35.00 Suits for $28.00.
$30.00 Suits for $24.00.
$25.00 Suits for $20.00.
$20.00 Suits for $16.00.
$15.00 Suits for $12.00.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Dr. Morden is expected home from England next week to spend Christmas here.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Wagar, Enterprise.

Mrs. Hugh Lowry, Switzerville, is visiting her sons at Barberton, Ohio.

Mrs. Clarence Vanalstine, Palace Road, is visiting friends in Ottawa.

Miss Margaret McCrudden is visiting relatives at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Aykroyd, Picton, were in Napanee on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred York, Bridge street, attended the funeral of her mother, Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick, Tamworth on Friday.

Miss Eleanor Ham, A.T.C.M., of Conway, was renewing acquaintances in town on Monday.

Mrs. Norman Boyce, Yarker, spent last week the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. Kitchen.

Mr. Arthur Harshaw, of the Dominion Bank, Toronto, was a week-end guest at Capt. Hughson's, "The Hill," Piety Hill.

Mr. Geo. Wellman, Picton, spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. Hyatt at the Campbell House.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kirkatprick, Palace Road, spent the week-end in Tamworth attending the funeral of his mother, the late Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Barrett and family were in Toronto a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Daly spent Sunday in Toronto.

Mrs. Went arrived last week from Parry Sound to join her husband.

Mrs. Mabel Kelly, Gananoque, is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. W. Kelly.

Rev. G. W. McCall a former pastor of Trinity Church, now of Brantford, was in Napanee on Wednesday last.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Henricks, Mr. and Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick and Mr. and Mrs. Fred King were in Tamworth on Friday attending the funeral of the late Mrs. R. Kirkpatrick.

Opportunity.

To those interested in securing a radio, we have at present the following well known Radios, which have been used a short time and are in A1 condition—at greatly reduced prces :

1 Stromberg-Carlson, 6 tubes.
1 Atwater-Kent, 6 tubes.
1 Freed Eisemann, 5 tubes.

Also bargains in table, cone and horn speakers.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Windshield and car door glass any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 34

Mrs. H. W. Kelly was awarded one of the prizes in the Dominion wide window display contest put on by Messrs. Lever & Bros. for Lux toilet soap.

Mr. Andy Reid of Shannonville, had the misfortune on Wednesday to have his leg broken when the car which he was driving slewed on the slippery road and overturned. He was rushed to Belleville Hospital, where medical aid was rendered.

In an exhibition game of basketball played at the Collegiate gym. on Friday evening, the Y. M. C. A. team of Belleville defeated the local town team by the score of 41-20. The game, which proved exciting and interesting, was witnessed by a large crowd of pupils, ex-pupils and citizens. The visitors were entertained at the close of the game.

The Musical Coalman.

Until the beginning of the eighteenth century concerts as we know them to-day were practically unheard of. It was left to Thomas Britton, a dealer in coal, to begin the philharmonic fashion of gathering about him groups of people for the purpose of listening to good music.

Britton, who died in 1714, contrived to assemble about him the most aristocratic company in London, and began a fashion which was the forerunner of the concert seasons which are now so popular.

The house occupied by this coalman-musician was in Aylesbury street, Clerkenwell, and formed the corner house of a passage leading by the Old Jerusalem Tavern into St. John's Square. Above his coal stores was a long narrow room, and it was here he held his musical reunions, at which, among his performers, Handel frequently appeared for the entertainment of the company.

Britton is believed to have charged his patrons an annual subscription of ten shillings for the music and one penny for each cup of coffee they drank during the interval. At first, however, these entertainments were entirely gratuitous and no refreshments were given.

MARRIAGES

Asselstine — Asselstine — At Chicag., Ill., on Wednesday, Dec. 7th, 1927, by Rev. Gilbert Clewорth, Miss Elizabeth Ann Asselstine, of Chicago, to Mr. E. Herbert Asselstine, of Napanee.

DEATHS

Ferguson—At Napanee on Friday, December 9th, 1927, Alice Ferguson, aged 70 years.

Forrester—At Bath, on Wednesday, Dec. 7th, 1927 Jane Forrester, beloved wife of John Forrester, aged 77 years, 11 months.

Hawley—At Toronto, on Friday, Dec. 9th, 1927, Marinda Hawley, formerly of Napanee, aged 85 years.

Kirkpatrick—At the home of her son, Tamworth, on Wednesday, Dec. 7th, 1927, Isabella Kirkpatrick, relict of the late Robert Kirkpatrick, of Tamworth, aged 78 years.

Coal Flour Cheaper.

The use of pulverized coal as steamship fuel has been successfully demonstrated on board the steamship Mercer, of the United States Lines, from Hampton Roads.

Pulverized coal, said by shipping men to be the cheapest kind of fuel in the world, was used during the entire trip. The Mercer steamed perfectly, it was announced. Naval and shipping board officials expressed the belief that the test proved the practicability of pulverized coal as steamship fuel at a third of fuel oil cost.

The coal pulverized finer than flour by a crushing machine, says the Christian Science Monitor, is forced through tubes into the burners continuously by compressed air. Additional tests will be made for the benefit of local shipping men.

Seeing Through a Body.

By a new invention which he has just perfected, Dr. Andre Tours, a French doctor, claims that he will shortly reolutionize the practice of both surgery and medicine.

His discovery, which some experts think surpasses X-rays in value, consists of a method whereby the human body can be rendered as transparent as glass, so that the organs can be seen working as if in a mirror.

Dr. Tours has announced that he intends to reveal the secrets of his discovery to the medical profession shortly, and if his claim is really substantiated, there can be no doubt that it will prove an inestimable boon in such diseases as consumption and cancer.

£642,000,000 In Savings Certificates.

More than £642,000,000 is now invested in saving certificates in the Old Country, nearly all of it being the money of the small capitalist.

Slow Going.

The average speed of a London omnibus is nine miles an hour.

DAVY & ALLISON

Plumbing,
Furnace Work,
Tinsmiths.

Hardware, Paints and Oils.
Stoves, and Furnaces.

DAVY & ALLISON,
Next to Oaton's.

THE EFFECT OF DRUGS AND ALCOHOL ON HEALTH

(Given by Miss Lauder, V.O.N., at Public Library, W.C.T.U., Nov. 29th, 1927.)

What are some of our greatest ambitions in life? Health, success, and happiness are the foundation and aim of every normal human being.

Health is energy, it is your Capital, the more you have of it, the better off you are.

Success is the inteligent use to which you put your capital of energy or health.

Happiness is the satisfaction you get from the proper combina- of these two—Health and Success.

How can we obtain these? Since Success and Happiness depend on our health we must guard it carefully. Let us first consider the blood and its circulation in our bodies. If you analyze the blood you will find that it consists of three things—Plasma, a thin yellow fluid, red blood corpuseles and white blood corpuscles.

There are almost countless numbers of red corpuscles in the blood, which takes up gas, and carry supplies of oxygen from the lungs to every part of the body and bring back to the lungs carbonic acid gas, which is given off as waste.

The function of the white corpuscles is to overcome infection. Germs get into our bodies in numerous ways, and attack weak parts. Blood is an ideal incubator for infection as it is the proper temperature. These germs multiply very rapidly. But, fortunately, as soon as the germs begin their work, the white corpuscles rush to the part also, and a war begins. Alcohol stupifies the white corpuscles: makes them slow and lazy. This is very dangerous, for it gives the germs an opportunity to gain great headway, and win the battle, while the opposing army sleep, and then results in disease. If the white cells are often numbed by alcohol, their resistance is lowered and many are killed. This makes the body short-handed in its struggle against infection.

Tobacco is the most commonly used drug and especially to be condemned by those who have not attained their full growth. Its results are so insidious. They appear only after a long period of time, then they creep in slowly, and are often attributed to some other cause. It is unfortunate also that the chief inroads of tobacco are on the younger men and women. Before full maturity of body and mind are reached the effects are much more marked than on the most resistant adult tissue.

Again, some individuals are much more susceptible to a given amount of tobacco than others, and it is impossible to tell beforehand, whether or not a given individual will fall into this class.

The inhaler of cigarette smoke breathes the actual smoke of tobacco. By this he gets at full strength, all the toxic substances of the smoke. Carbon monoxide is known in particular to enter the blood and render useless some of the red blood cells.

As a result the blood has less capacity to carry Oxygen. This gas also tends to deaden the W. B. C. and render them less effective as defenders of the body.

The inhaler is then, unconsciously poisoning himself, not enough to kill, but sufficiently to materially lessen his vitality, and render him the more ready victim not only of respiratory diseases, but also to cause him to be more readily overcome by any other disease.

His appetite fails, digestion suffers, the heart palpitates or becomes irregular. He becomes nervous, irritable and forgetful and sometimes dull mentally; and in excessive smokers the eyesight sometimes fails. Such a person is suffering from chronic nicotine poisoning.

N.B.—(Case in Napanee, life saved thru' non-use of tobacco.)

HABIT FORMING DRUGS.

Narcotics, are drugs, which in moderate doses relieve pain and produce sleep, but in larger doses produce stupor and unconsciousness. The most common ones are opium, morphine and cocaine.

Opium is prepared from the juice of the opium poppy—a plant originally found in Asia Minor, but now widely cultivated in Eastern countries.

Cocaine is a drug prepared from the leaves of the coca plant grown in South America.

These drugs are very useful as medicines in certain cases of illness, but they should never be taken except upon a doctor's advice.

Some patent medicines contain narcotics. These may be responsible for causing some persons to become slaves of a drug. Those takng such medicines may acquire a taste for the drug and ultimately the taste may become a craving.

N.B.—Some of the worthless catarrhal remedies contain cocaine. Certain cough remedies, morphine. Many advertised tonics and blood purifiers contain alcohol in large proportions. Fortunately the amount of narcotics in patent medicines is now reduced and their sale is restricted by the Federal Department of Health.

Everyone has a natural appetite for food and a natural thirst for water, but those who take any of these drugs soon develop an unnatural appetite or craving for them. In time the drug has to be taken in increasing doses to get the required effects, and the person taking it becomes an addict or slave to it.

Then his health suffers, his mind becomes affected and morals deteriorate. He is in complete bondage to the drug. That is why the unfortunate drug addict has been called a dope fiend. The drug habit is very hard to break, and the withdrawal in an attempt to break the habit often causes misery and distress. But, as in the case of other bad habits the cure is to cease altogether to use the drug.

HOW STEADY DRINKING INJURES HEALTH.

We have spoken of how alcohol numbs the protoplasm of the white blood corpuscles, lowering their resistance to fight disease in the body. The drinker may think he is very moderate, but he keeps more or less alcohol circulating in his blood.

Examination of the blood of drinkers has shown a circulating in the blood from 7-23 hours after a single large dose. All this time it was being carried around to the body cells, though in diminished amounts. Suppose instead of one single dose, the drinker takes several glasses of beer or wine in the course of the day. The alcohol enters the body from these drinks very much more quickly than it is destroyed there. So, if a person takes a second dink befoe the alcohol in the first drink is destroyed, he adds to the amount of alcohol already circulating in the blood. If he takes more during the day or evening, his body processes for destroying alcohol may not be able to keep ahead of his drinking. Thus there would always be some alcohol circulating in the blood, gradually poisoning whatever cells proved most susceptible to it. Some day in the presence of germ infection or overstrain the impairment of these cells by alcohol shows itself and the man becomes a victim of alcohol, although he may never have been drunk.

Insurance companies have found that the use of alcohol tends to shorten life, and they do nt care to insure those who drink. One of the studies of life insurance risks, covering 268,000 lives, showed that there was an inceased death rate among moderate users of alcohol of 19% and an increased death rate among daily users of spirits (which are stronger than wines and beers) of 66%.

The evil effects of alcohol are not limited to those who use it. It has been found that these evil effects have been transmitted to the children. Prof. Laitinen, of Finland, for seven years studied the results of alcohol upon a whole community in that country, and found that the children of non-drinkers were taller and weighed more at the same age and were more free from disease than the children of moderate drinkers.

Similar studies have been made in different parts of the world, and the conclusion has been the same, namely, that the evil effects have been transmitted to the children, so that they tend to become less fit

Since all agree that the excessive use of alcohol is the cause of much crime, disease, and misery, and since the effect of even a small quantity is insidious in lessening self-control and will power, it is surely foolish in the extreme to have anything to do with alcohol.

Health and happiness have been so often shattered by its use t hat the best we can do with all alcoholic dinks is to let them alone.

1. Alcohol is a depressant, habit forming narcotic drug.

2. Alcohol is a protoplasmic poison.

3. Alcohol is drunk to get the drug effect and it exerts to some degree its depressant and toxic effects.

4. Alcohol causes disease, multiple neuritis, gastritis and cirrhosis of the liver

5. Alcohol causes deaths: from acute and chronic poisoning.

6. Alcohol reduces resistance to infection.

7. Alcohol diminishes likelihood of recovering from acute infection such as pneumonia.

8. Alcohol increases liability to accidents and delays recovery.

9. Alcohol reduces endurance, accuracy and rapidity of muscular action of all kinds.

ALCOHOL A POISON.

10. Decreases expectation of life.

11. Reduces chance of survival of offspring

12. Deteriorates emotional and nervous control, as expressed in unreliable judgment and lack of self-control, and hence contributes to the incidence of veneral diseases.

If more brewers start a-brewing,
who is going to drink the wine?
Perhaps it may be your son, perhaps it may be mine.
Good roads for this, our country?
Our industries to boom?
Prosperity and riches for workers at the loom?

A pretty picture, truly—Alas, 'tis but a bluff,
For while the brewers are brewing—
Some one must drink the stuff.

For this, the land of plenty, a larger revenue?
While men and homes are broken and perish,
What say you?

If the brewers keep on brewing,
There's bound to be the call:
More officers and prisons to care for those who fall.

If the brewers keep on brewing—
Smeone must drink the wine!
aay si 's 1 o1a-tsdocao-hol
God grant it won't be mine.

Radio!

See and hear the latest triumph in Radio. The Rogers Batteryless, which operates from your electric light socket. No chemicals, no charges, no eliminators. Costs less than 5c. a week to operate.

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